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PENN

COVER: Opening the dazzle season for Vogue: Audrey Hepburn in Givenchy's plump little melon hat of emerald-green velvet, an emerald chenille shift fringed at the knee in green ostrich feathers, and a dazzling new maquillage by Givenchy—Mushroom eye shadow; lips rosed with lipstick "I"; Blush shading the cheekbones under a dusting of colourless powder called, appropriately, Sans Colour . . . all freshened for permanence with Porcelain Pads. Make-up at Lord & Taylor. Hat at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Dress at I. Magnin. More Givenchy-news worn by Audrey Hepburn, pages 142-151.

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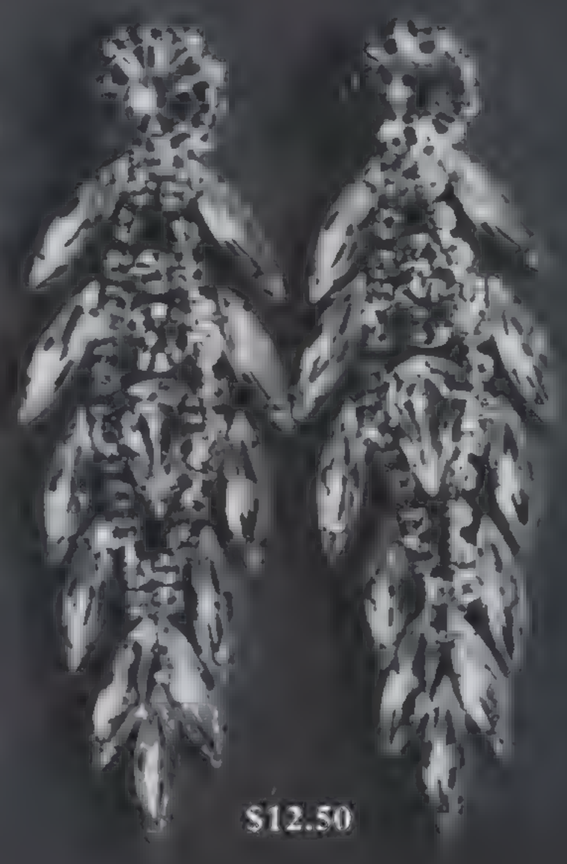
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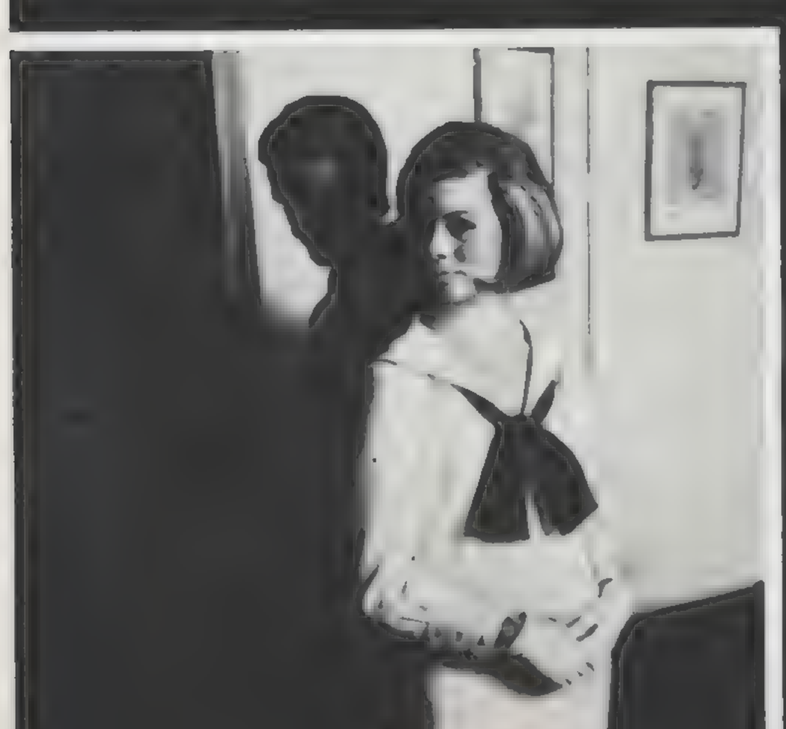






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Naked wool
...most fashionable
way to span
all seasons
all climates

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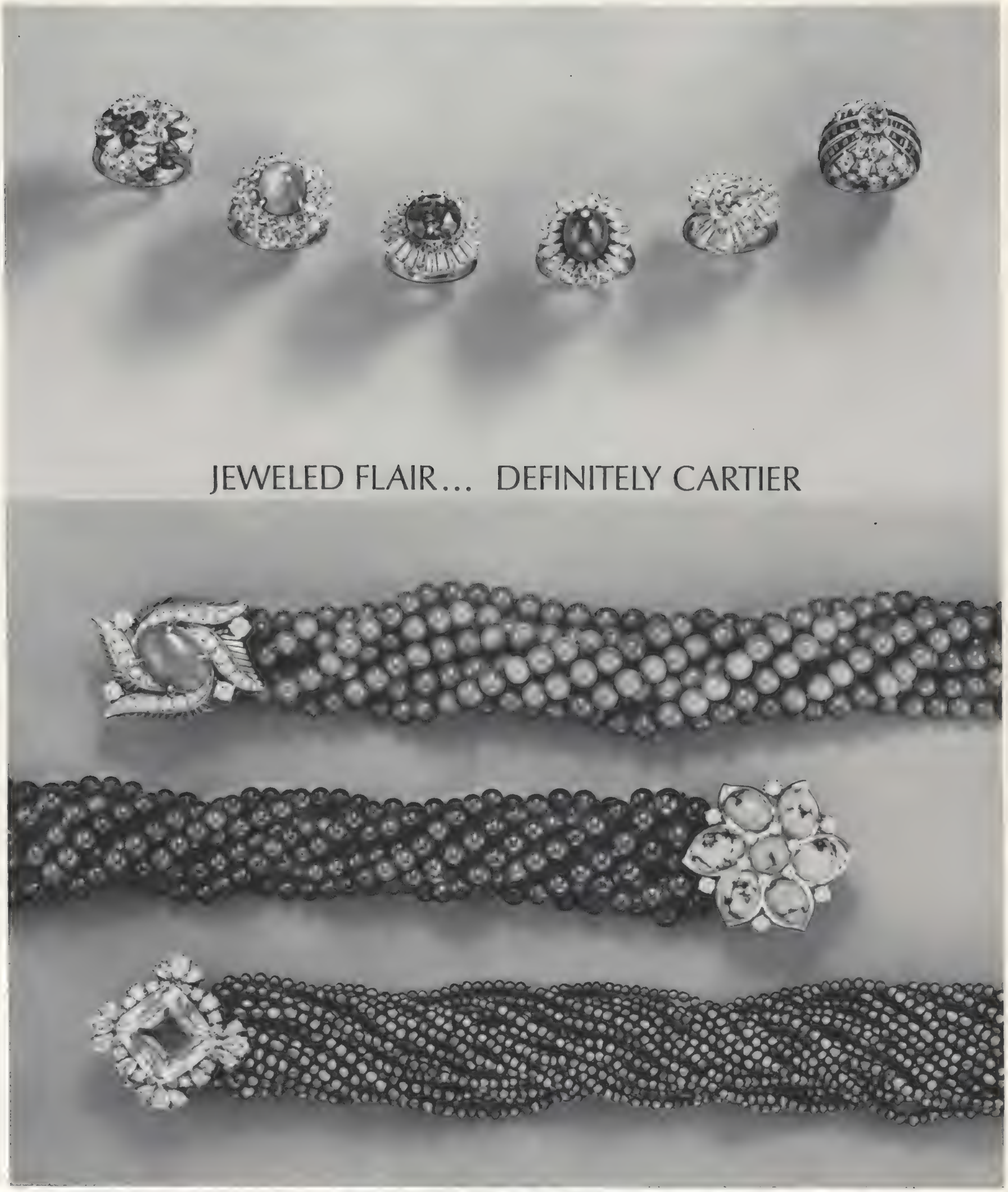
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The Arkin Girls

come out in their Champagne Foils

to christen the

'65 Pontiac Grand Prix



Andie in her golden wool

Andie is swept off both petite feet by the roofline. Lee leans toward Pontiac's svelte venturi couture shape in Iris Mist.



plays foil to Lee in a silk on the silver side.



The gentleman just pops his cork.



Both go brocade, but their Champagne Foils take different directions. Andie's goes toward gold. Lee stays on the silver side.

The Arkin Girls

are drawn to Coltish Colors and the

'65 Pontiac Le Mans





Andie's ribbed. Lee's chiffoned. "I've been framed", says the horse.



The horse gets the hay. The man gets the girls.

Andie paisleys the town. Lee makes her mauve in wool.

The girls get their Le Mans, a machine Pontiac invented for manufacturing fun. The thorough red is Montero.

The Arkin Girls

go into "Hot Canary" for the

'65 Pontiac Tempest



Andie eases some orange in.



Andie and Lee and friend agree: you never saw so much car for so little do-re-mi. Mission Beige accomplished. Lee, the brunette, wears Leonard Arkin Couturiers at $70 to $150. Blonde Andie spends $40 to $100 for Andrew Arkin Petites: just two branches of the Arkin Family, America's first name in Fashion. Your favorite store has them, or write, The Arkins, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.



Lee cools it with a little lime.



It's Hot Canary straight now. Smooth as in satin for Lee. Ribbed as in ottoman for Andie.



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"NO ONE TAKES CHAMPAGNE LIGHTLY"

Champagne wants a public mythology.

Champagne has as many private myths as there are people who have drunk it. If its public image is often charged with banalities—the bleak bar art of the thirties: triangular glasses under compass-drawn bubbles—its private images may include more varied and singular romantic histories than any other object in the world conveys.

Champagne is, simply, a magic wine, and its magic is insufficiently used. Are we afraid we'll dissipate the spell by invoking champagne too often? Or botch it by testing it on everyday events?

When Isak Dinesen, the superbly gifted Danish writer, was in her seventies she drank champagne with every meal. The drama of her beautiful, beaked, and shrunken face above the wine (taken, often, with oysters or grapes) never flagged.

A rather Proustian man who lives these days among pale-grey Louis XVI furniture in the mauve-grey light of Paris drinks nothing but champagne. Although he murderously removes all the bubbles with a gold swizzle that resembles a miniature umbrella frame, each glass still has for him an emotional buzz like the flashlight shock of early love.

Yet the history of champagne is hardly more heartening than the public image of an Earl Carroll chorus girl bathing in the stuff. A French monk, in the eighteenth century at the Abbey of Hautvillers refined the skills and rules of champagne-making, but he hardly discovered the process.

Champagne may, in fact, have first been drunk in England during the Restoration, introduced, possibly, to the English court by a Frenchman who ordered a still white wine from the French province of Champagne and became victim to the oenological fact that the part of the fermentation of champagne which causes the bubbles takes place after the wine is bottled.

From this apparently spontaneous origin champagne has become one of the least accidental of products. The French Government has pronounced on every step of its making. Just which oddly nourishing chalk soil, which grapes, which harvestings, which pressings—all are lashed in with red tape. The *manufacture* of champagne has the allure of an income-tax form.

No one, however, takes champagne lightly. It remains the one inevitably special drink, the obvious choice for extraordinary occasions, the less obvious agent of extraordinary memories when least expected.

New from Revlon: The



See your eyelashes get long, longer, longest—right before your eyes!

Why wear falsies? 'Fabulash' makes lashes look as long as false eyelashes...but so natural they're above suspicion! Brush it on—your lashes are longer, silky-dark...instantly. And only 'Fabulash' has a separate 'super-lengthener' (for non-stop eyelashes!)

new 'FABULASH' by REVLON

It is not surprising that for one woman one special Christmas clicked into memory when she was fifteen: the unsparing Midwestern light struck sideways off snow across the lace cherubs of the six-yard-long tablecloth and gave La Tour dimensions to the centrepiece of fruits, and all the adults laughed in unison when she lifted her first champagne glass and said, in innocence, "It tickles." Now, she regularly serves champagne at Christmas, but why not on Halloween, or St. Agnes' Eve, or any Wednesday?

We might all choose to drink champagne every day if we collected unexpected private images: Champagne, the driest—brut—the great seasick remedy, taken with plain saltines. . . . A glass at teatime with a chunk of goat cheese . . . a glass in the bathtub before a taxing dinner . . . a bottle, not too dry—just sec—buried in the snow near the top of the ski lift . . . a split, extra sec, at breakfast with scrambled eggs and caviar . . . pink champagne *and* pink-champagne ice at a pink dance—not subtle, just good . . . a bottle-green bottle reflected, on a slant, in the tilted glass-green looking-glass of a room in The Plaza overlooking Central Park . . . the translucent, champagne-coloured shadow of champagne on a white tablecloth in the Paris Ritz (along with the flattering discomfort of the hard footstool under the table) . . . a sec champagne, mixed half and half with ale into "beige velvet" as a restorative, after a hunt, a football game or, for that matter, the grippe.

The champagne magic, unlike magician's magic, should not be hoarded. It requires sharing, multiplying, which, in turn, only requires a little knowledgeability. The glass is unimportant: something with a stem, preferably, to hold the chill, but not a saucer shape which dissipates bubbles too quickly. A tulip glass serves, or a deep, all-purpose wineglass—only one-third filled, again for the sake of chill. At the brusque, formal French receptions where, apparently, no one smiles but Americans, champagne may be served in something rather like a jelly glass, but *the temperature is right.* That matters. About fifty degrees is correct: champagne should not be shrivelled with cold. Nor need the bottle be smothered in damask; a small linen handkerchief knotted around the bottle neck should suffice to catch drips.

The point is not to feel bullied about champagne. Even its misuse has an undeniable exuberance, as in the case of the eighteen-year-old girl who returned from a débutante season in Grosse Pointe and said, "But mother, the champagne . . . we brushed our teeth in it." How frivolous, how awful . . . how memorable! There never was, there may never be another such a gloriously magical drink.

* * *

New excitement about champagne these days comes from a recently formed group of some of New York's most accomplished hostesses, *Les Dames de Champagne.* Their purpose: "To create new interest in serving and entertaining with French Champagne. . . ." The group met first at the apartment of the Honorary Chairman, Mme. Michel Legendre, wife of New York's French Consul General. Champagne was served.

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Pencilled eyebrows are passé. Now you can give them the brush, with 'Brow Beautiful'! It's powder in a tidy cake with its own wedge-tip brush. You can remodel. Fill in. Or extend where your real brows end. And the effect is so beautifully natural, you'll never risk those hard pencil lines again!



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BERKELEY'S
Fresno, California

travel

BY ENNIO FLAIANO

IN NEW YORK—*"a man must behave like the bull in the arena . . ."*

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ennio Flaiano, Italian author of the brilliant films, *La Dolce Vita*, and *8½*, wrote, especially for Vogue, his impressions of New York on his recent first trip there to work on a new film, *The Passionate Tourist*, largely about New York.

It's one of the jokes destiny concocts for the man who thinks he's within sight of those distant towers of wisdom: a tourist comes to New York with a definite purpose; he is going to write a story about a tourist who comes to New York. He likes the city so much that he wants to stay forever. There is only one way whereby he can do this. He must marry an American girl. This is, obviously, a film subject.

The tourist-author begins his visit to New York by going mostly to museums, restaurants, and nightclubs. Within a few days, he is in a position to advance some modest ideas of his own about New York. For example, he thinks that New York does not exist; it is a fusion of the dreams that he has dreamed at various times in his life. Or he thinks that New York is a city of legend—a woman, with all the charms and acerbities of an Atlantis rising from the sea. He finds that, as seen from a balcony overlooking Central Park, the profile of New York is in essence theatrical and that the city, therefore, is one vast stage. Simple notions, these, but he feels they state the case pretty well.

By the end of a month his little castle of observations has crumbled and he is vexed by the idea of having to leave. The city he once supposed he could audit by irony has become a maze so riddled by exits that it no longer contains him; it is now utterly beyond his ken. So he tries other theories. For instance: in New York, a man must behave like the bull in the arena—choose one position and stick to it. In other words, it is advisable to act like a non-tourist, and in this way achieve the tourist's one true aspiration—to feel at home. No other place can be at once so much village and city as can New York—offer, that is, its friendly, tranquil side. Our author has unwittingly tumbled into a paradox. But the truth is, he is following the neighbourhood pattern of life in New York and feels as if he's lived here a long time.

Since New York makes it possible for him to live the kind of life he prefers—no one prevents or even reproves him—our writer, being utterly without scruple, has inevitably chosen the tranquil life. He begins to think of New York as a watering place, a spa, and is surprised that he never comes across any mineral springs. Walking through Central Park, he says to himself that if he were only to dig, one would surely gush forth.

The city presents him with no particularly grave problems of the kind that upset travellers in other countries. Whereas elsewhere alien food makes him indignant, here he must fight the temptation not to give up old eating habits. The women? Amiable, smiling. And that other secret torment of the tourist, the visits to public monuments, he finds a pleasure here because of the city's dreamlike simplicity and soaring lines. These monuments require no historical or literary background; it's enough to admire them—bridges, sky- (Continued on page 63)

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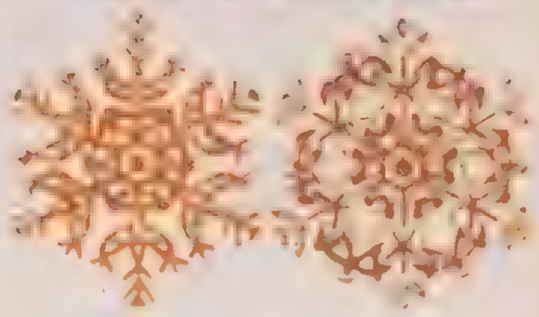
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Take
slim Fine Line or creamy Hi-Society lipsticks

it's the game every girl **Wins**



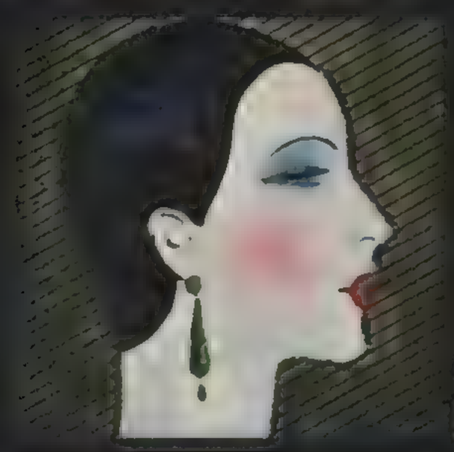
1828: The family of Guerlain opened their parfumerie at numéro 15, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.
Shortly afterward, the French Foreign Legion was formed.



1852: The Guerlains created an Eau de Cologne for Eugénie, wife of President Louis-Napoléon.
Louis-Napoléon renamed himself Napoléon III and declared that the Second Empire had begun.



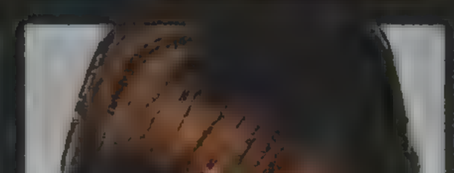
1889: Ladies throughout France were wearing Guerlain's Jicky.
Music, art, and science flourished under the Third Republic.



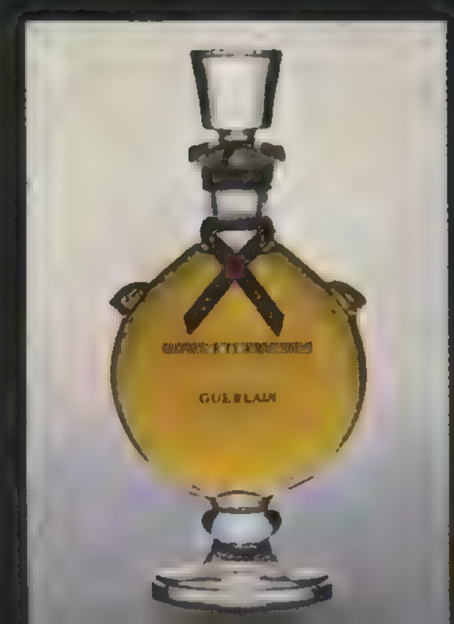
1926: The Guerlains created the inimitable Shalimar.
Finance boomed, and the Rolls Royce became a very popular automobile.



1933: A young dancer wore Guerlain's Sous le Vent.
Thousands flocked to the Folies-Bergère.



1964: A new Guerlain fragrance, Chant d'Arômes, has arrived.
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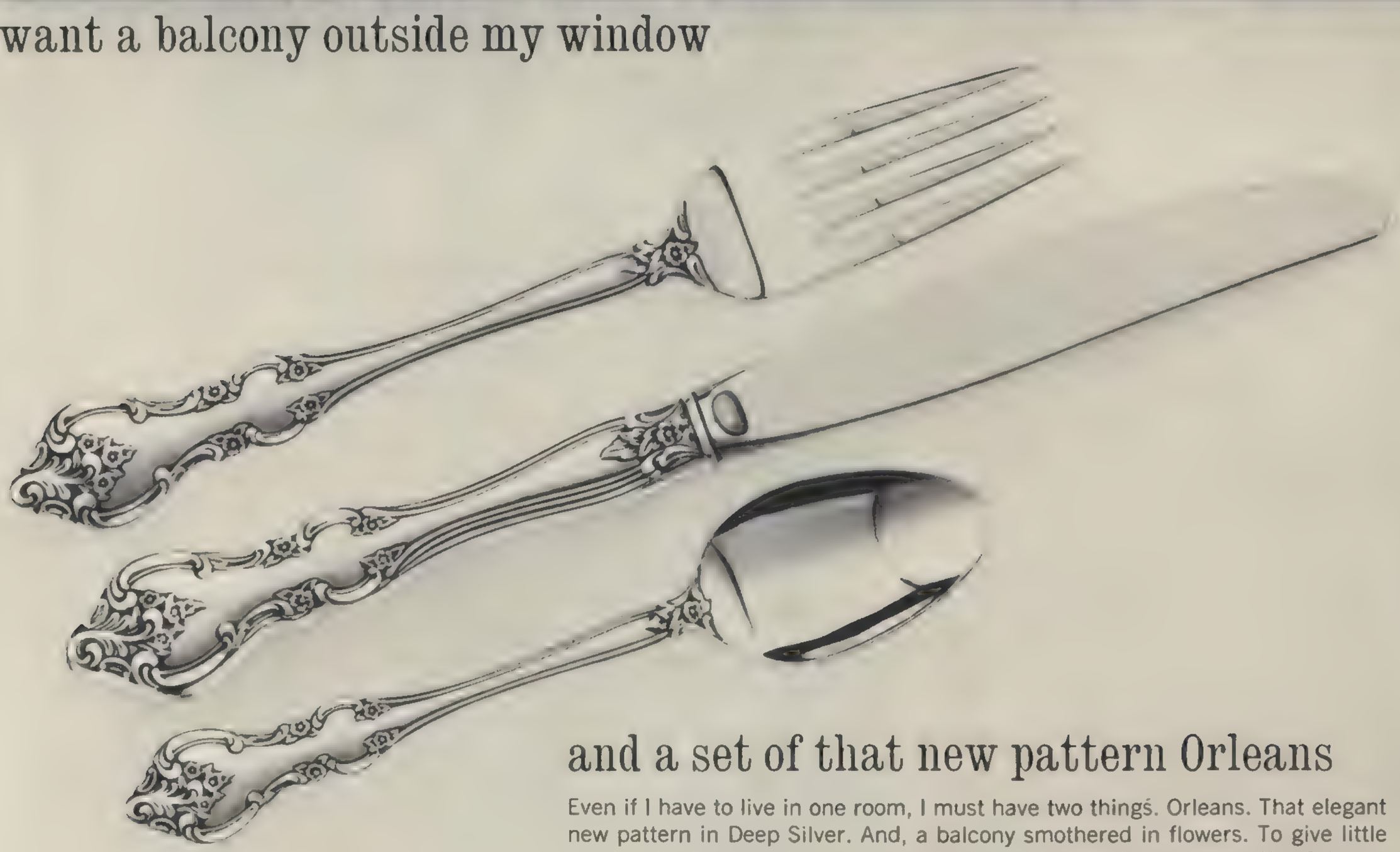
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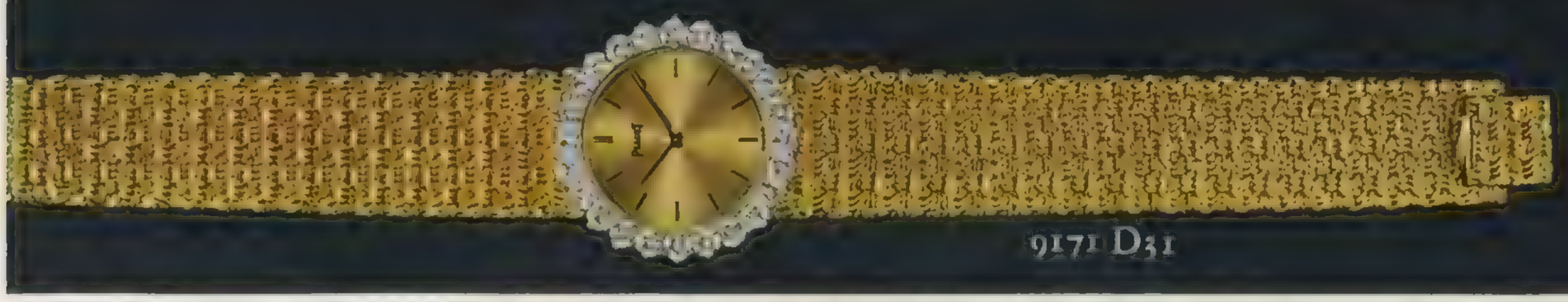
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U. S. FASHION COUNTRY

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JEAN-PHILLIPE SADRON

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BY PRINCE MATCHABELLI

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Two heads are better than one

How many times have you thrown up your hands in despair and cried "I can't do a thing with my hair!" There are few moments in life more demoralizing. Somehow when your hair looks right, the world looks right. When it doesn't, even your loveliest dress somehow seems wrong. I know. I have worked with women and their hair too long to be unaware of its psychological effect. Yet why women permit themselves to be prisoner to their hair puzzles me. Why, when you can always look marvelous, do you still hesitate at the obvious solution. Of course, I refer to the wearing of a wig. Not simply because wig-making is my business. But because I know — from long experience — what a wig can do for a woman.



Mr. Hartwich advises client on most appropriate wig for her looks, life.

Think of the coiffure collapsed on a rainy day. The hair-do gone with the wind or a swim. The schedule too busy to squeeze in the hairdresser. How the right wig could rescue your head — and your spirits!

Perhaps you have already considered owning a wig! You may even have bolstered your courage one day and tried some on. Yet you hesitate. I understand this. In America, wig-making is a new fashion. Where do you go to buy a wig? How do you buy a wig? Who is truly qualified to advise you? It is in recognition of these questions that I have taken this space to tell you a few things you should know about wigs, and about my wigs in particular.

To me, wigs are an art. A custom art. They cannot be bought from a bargain table and be expected to do justice to the wearer. As you may have guessed, I am European. I was trained in the craft of wig-making and hairdressing when I was very young. Wigs were second nature to Europeans long before they became the fashion in America.

Part of the art of wig-making is knowing one's customers. In my salons, before anyone lifts a finger to your head, he studies it. He studies you. Not only is each wig designed to blend with your own coloring, your own features, but also it must reflect your personality. If you wish a wig that duplicates your own hair style, this it shall be. If you yearn for a totally new look, this too is yours. Anything is possible with a wig, providing it has been created specifically for you and is of truly fine quality. Now many wigs look superb to start with, but only a really superior wig stands up to the test of time. The finest are made of virgin hair — unbleached, untreated in any way, in a blending of textures. Fine hair is used for softness and sheen, coarser hair for lasting holding qualities. This is the kind of wig we of Richard Hartwich make—and we do it in several different designs.



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Mr. Hartwich puts finishing touches on his award-winning "Perma-Coif."

Then there is my "Chameleon" which allows you to change your hair color as you change your mood. Stripped of all color, it can be tinted and then rinsed out as many times as you like.

My third is the "Demi-Coif," a wiglet that you add to your own hair. It creates a perfectly coiffed look without hours under the dryer.

I hope I have convinced you of the enormous potential of a wig in your life. If you are concerned about price, I think you will be pleasantly surprised. But more than that I want to prove to you how delightful buying a wig can be. That's why I sincerely invite you to call soon for a complimentary consultation. There will be no obligation on your part to buy. But you may walk out asking yourself — why have I waited so long to buy a wig?

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Madame Rochas

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(Continued from page 30)

scrapers, a Fair, Old Country neighborhoods, big stores, a park, and that's it. The city is so various in its uniformity, however. that it reveals itself to him slowly. The moment he begins to understand that New York is a suite of variations on a theme of Pythagoras, he has taken a long step forward.

Unfortunately, too few days are left for him to verify this mathematical truth. He arrived in New York thinking he knew it from films and books; he stays to learn that New York is smaller and more intimate than he had imagined, but also larger and more inaccessible than he will be able to sustain in memory. One day he discovers skyscrapers reflected in the mirroring glass walls of other skyscrapers; he sees the moon float from one skyscraper perch to another—three hundred feet above the ground, and without a safety net. He is tempted to take some notes. Taking notes in New York seems easy but in fact is superfluous.

At last he has it. he thinks: New York results from a colossal move. History has been at its old sport of shifting locales; Babylon and its hanging gardens has been transported here, Egypt and its pyramids, Greece and its passion for life. During the summer, Sophocles and Shakespeare take up residence in the park. At midday, you watch the priestesses of Apollo descend for lunch from offices high above Park and Madison and Fifth Avenues. Corinthian columns have been lifted to loftier heights on the façades of buildings than ever Roman architect dreamed of. as if a mighty yet deft earthquake had heaved them there without a fissure. He sees some that stand three hundred feet above the ground, and thinks how anyone wishing to see the Forums of Rome as Horace and Martial described them must stroll down Broadway. On a typewriter that sits out on the sidewalk for any passer-by tentatively to tap, he reads phrases like, "Now is the time for all good men . . ." He reflects how, in an earlier great confluence of civilizations and races, passers-by in ancient Alexandria were probably thinking such things, too. Why not. then, call things by their secret names? New York by its Latin name, Novum Eboracum?

But still it is not enough. There is something more, something truly beyond his grasp. The city is lucid; in no other city in the world are the cardinal points so present and handy to one's need: East, West, North, South. A man always knows where he is; even the sun obeys the rules as it goes about its job. Everything is perfectly disposed in space. What then? Perhaps the secret lies in looking around one at the people, in letting oneself be surprised by their openness. One evening he happens to be in a theatre. New York has so many theatres that our tourist-author has been more tempted to write a play than to go see one. But one evening he goes to an experimental theatre where no scheduled show is being presented; the performance is merely whatever the audience wants to do. The tourist counts the number of people there; fifteen, including himself. There are several girls, and three of them go up onto the stage. They begin to tell their life stories, and to act them out without embarrassment or affectation. By the end of the show, the tourist feels he loves them all. Another evening, strolling along a deserted Wall Street, he thinks he recognizes Bartleby murmuring into the silence and emptiness of the night, "I preferred not." Another evening, rolling down the screw of the Guggenheim Museum like a ball on Galileo's inclined planes, he feels happy because he has understood (but so many things he has yet to understand) that a city is made in the image of the people who inhabit it. He is simply living.



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movies

BY JOAN DIDION

LILITH, *"emotional slippage"*

We are twenty minutes into *Lilith,* Robert Rossen's study in schizophrenia, when we reach the scene with which the movie should rightly begin. Imagine a terrace. A young man in a seersucker jacket gazes at a window where a girl plays a flute; another young man plays gin rummy with a well-dressed, rather high-strung woman. The sun shines, a leaf falls; we hear that *leitmotiv* of idle summer afternoons, the patter of a ping-pong ball. We might be at a house party, or a resort hotel—and then we perceive that something is a trace off. The young man in the seersucker jacket gazes too steadily at the window. The music the flutist plays is unfamiliar. Abruptly, the young man demands that the ping-pong players break off their game. Peculiarly, they do. After an instant the well-dressed woman throws down her cards. "I don't want to play any more," she says, and leaves. No one screams, nothing happens—but we know suddenly that appearances have deceived, that we are not at a house party but in the unpredictable world of the dislocated; know that we have witnessed a distinct slippage along certain emotional faults.

The scene chills—or it should. In fact, it does not, and there is the trouble with *Lilith.* In fact, we have known all along that we were in a mental hospital, because the scene is preceded by those twenty expository minutes: minutes in which we not only discuss mental illness with the staff but take the standard *Snake Pit* tour of the hospital, view the stock catatonic trance, raise the rote questions about which is the "sane" world. This juxtaposition of the hackneyed with the potentially brilliant characterizes all of *Lilith.* For every scene which disturbs the imagination there is an immediate and easy answer; for every uneasy glimpse of that emotional slippage, there are fifty minutes of therapy. I wonder if what is the matter with *Lilith* does not lie ineradicably deep in Rossen's view of the world—wonder if its glibness does not spring from some refusal to believe that the irrational can prevail, some failure to admit that the irrational mind is something quite different from the rational mind in (correctible) error. "What makes Lilith schizophrenic?" Rossen can not help asking, just as he would ask "What makes Iago evil?" or "Why Auschwitz?" I wonder if to ask is not beside the point.

RIDE THE WILD SURF, *"first-rate surfer"*

I have recently fallen under the spell of teen surfing movies, an enthusiasm I should probably try to pass off as sociological. In fact, they amuse me. Of the current crop, I am pleased to report that *Ride the Wild Surf* is a first-rate surfer, with Fabian, Tab Hunter, and Jim Mitchum bobbing about in Hawaiian coves with such exotic and wonderful names as Waimea Bay and the Banzai Pipeline. While waiting for the big ones to blow in off the Aleutians, the boys, of course, have some byplay with the starlets (there are always starlets in these things, and not very happy ones, either), whose rôle it is to make dainty *moues* when the boys fall off their boards (or, in the vernacular, get "wiped out") and to murmur such nothings as, "But you can't spend your entire life surfing, Jody." (Let me note in passing the real sexlessness and extreme passivity of these girls, who presumably embody virtues admired by their audience. Things would not look bright for Young America from, say, Betty Friedan's point of view.) Happily, however, all plot is incidental; the point is the surf, and there are few other opportunities in a bleak city autumn to spend forty unbroken minutes watching immense translucent combers rise and curl in the sunlight.

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theatre

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, *"stitched together"*

With much grace and feeling, Zero Mostel plays Tevye, the dairyman—Sholom Aleichem's beloved character—in the musical play, *Fiddler on the Roof*. Mostel—"my mountaine belly, and my rockei face," in Ben Jonson's words—dominates the stage, or, rather, swallows it. He dances a wonderfully dainty little fat twist; his hair, ragged and patchy as an old dog's, peeps out from under his skullcap; his round, sad, dark eyes beseech the audience. And he seems in touch with the transcendent nature of Sholom Aleichem's stories, as the rest of the play does not. When the curtain rises we see a real fiddler on the top of a little house, in the *shtetl* in Russia. For a moment we enter the magical world of Chagall, and believe that the weddings—the marriages of Tevye's five daughters is the substance of the plot—will have those innocent, mysteriously aloft brides and bridegrooms of the paintings, all washed over with the pure humour of Sholom Aleichem. This hope fades. *Fiddler on the Roof* is a more or less ruthless commercialization of the stories; these brightest instances of Jewish humour are overcast by a Broadway heaviness and repetitiveness. Maria Karnilova's portrayal of Golde, Tevye's shrewish wife, is monotonously directed by Jerome Robbins. The evening is stitched together for the crowd, to make them sigh and laugh; there is no effort to enchant. Only in Mostel do the lost villages of Eastern Europe, the old jokes of a high tradition, occasionally come back to life.

TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE, *"a curious little tombstone"*

The musical play, the golden goose of our entertainment, is often tarnished but it seems more alive than the light social comedy. A well-mannered, graceful script; actors chic-ly dressed; rooms richly furnished; epigrams lightly polished; the drama, a contrivance, a trifle, ordered according to a sure craftsmanship: this theatre is certainly not contemptible, but it does seem increasingly impossible. Such thoughts occurred to me as I watched Jean Anouilh's early play, *Traveller Without Luggage*. In this work a young man who has lost his memory in the First War is being claimed by various families who want him either as their genuine son or for some practical reason. The amnesiac is brought to a rich family whose claims are convincing; when he learns the perverse and cruel nature of the lost son he does not wish to regain that identity, even if it be truly his. This is one of those situations, perhaps inspired by Pirandello, but Anouilh's working out of the plot is superficial and he never touches those seams of the unconscious which are Pirandello's special genius. Mildred Dunnock and Margaret Braidwood are accomplished and interesting, but the bareness of the idea is glaringly lighted by the wooden and thick performance of Ben Gazzara. His style, or his lack of it, made him an unusually hapless choice as the complicated young Frenchman. In the end one feels that *Traveller Without Luggage* is a curious little tombstone. It does not speak about any problem or interest of the season and as entertainment it is not coarse enough for current taste. The mildness of the mood, the unchanging elegance of the setting, the funny servants, and above all the pretense of passion on the part of the players make it a requiem, not to a lost society, but to a sort of theatrical project no longer of interest.



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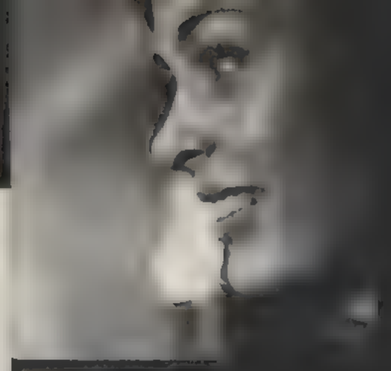
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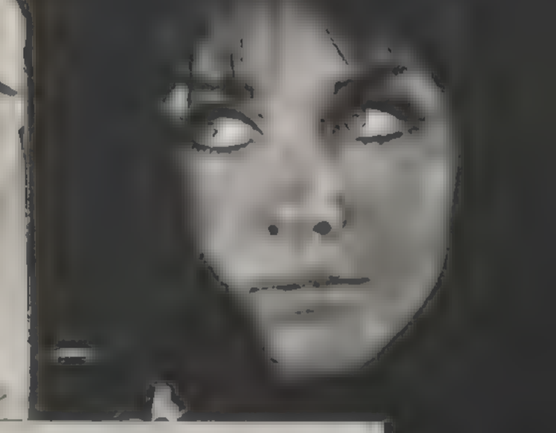


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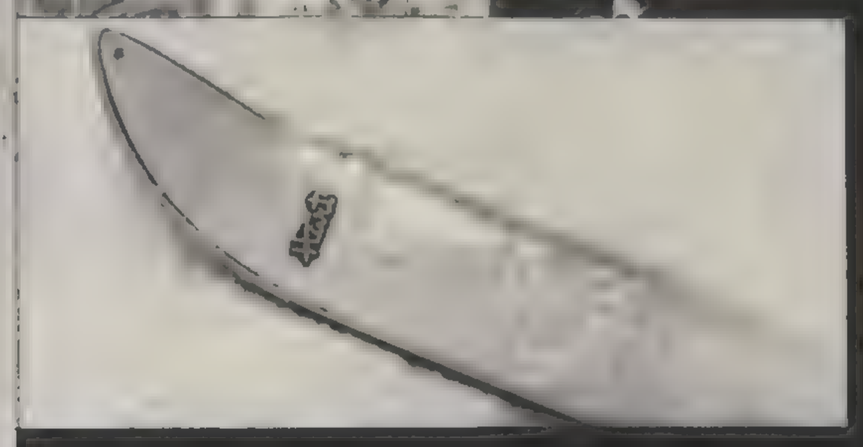




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books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

HERZOG, "*splendid, witty coruscations*"

Saul Bellow's new novel, *Herzog* (Viking), is a work of elegance. It is wrought elaborately in several laminations, and every article of its ornamentation is resistent to sentimentality, or vulgarity, or irrelevance. Moses Herzog who, by his own profession, has risen from "humble origins to complete disaster" presents a monologue so long and intricate that he would lose his audience if he were not at all times entirely interesting. The son of immigrants, the brother of good-souled and generous men who have made the American dream of Cadillacs and mink-clad wives come true, Moses is a scholar and a humanist, enthralled and tortured by the mess of modern times; a philosopher, he ceaselessly inquires, a victim, he mourns. We are introduced to him when, in his late forties, he is in the squirrel-cage of an agitated depression. He has been sent packing by his beautiful, sometimes vile-tongued, quixotic, intellectual (her specialty is Slavonic languages) second wife who has selected as the surrogate father for Herzog's child a disc jockey with pretensions. In New York, lecturing at a night school, Herzog broods on the situation, in Chicago, of his young daughter with this preposterous union of lovers: "Late in spring Herzog had been overcome by the need to explain, to have it out, to justify, to put in perspective, to clarify, to make amends." And a *cacoëthes scribendi* set in; at first he wrote fragments and nonsense, then he wrote letters to the living and the dead, to his wives, his friends, to Udall, Nietzsche, Willie Sutton, Eisenhower, the authors of monographs in learned journals, to himself. The subjects that engage or repel him are unnumbered. Between letters (none of them sent, most of them not committed to paper) he recalls his childhood in Montreal and then in Chicago, a hand-to-mouth existence dictated by his bootlegger father; he remembers past love affairs and travels in Europe, illnesses, brutalities observed. But for all the nervous pace and the labyrinthine turnings of his peregrinations and the variety of his emotional experience, he remains essentially a man of reason; he laments but he does not pity himself; his anxieties drive but do not corrupt him. One has faith that this fastidious man will emerge from his frenzy—there are hopeful signs at the end of the book—and one congratulates him on the good taste in which he has conducted his crack-up, imposing on no one but commanding respectful love by the solidity of his nature and the splendid, witty coruscations of his intelligent mind.

VIVE MOI!, "*colloquial landscapes*"

At the end of his autobiography, *Vive Moi!* (Atlantic-Little, Brown), Sean O'Faolain speaks of the satisfaction he realized in writing his first novel, *A Nest of Simple Folk:* "It was a historical novel, or family chronicle, based on everything I had known, or directly observed in the countryside. . . . It was a child's view of the world brought into relation to a grown man's view of the world." The reader of this present book of recollections and contemplations will find that by far the most satisfying parts of it are those that again have to do with O'Faolain's beginnings in Half Moon Street in Cork City. But when he turns his attention to the Troubles, or to censorship, or to his life at Harvard, or to the Irish Academy of Letters that came into being under the aegis of Yeats and Shaw, he is cerebral and circumlocutory and fuzzy. One wishes he would stick to his colloquial landscapes.

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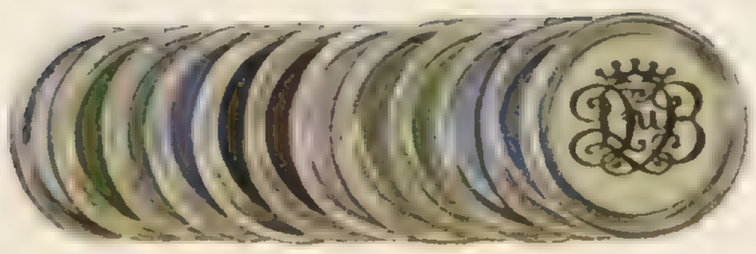
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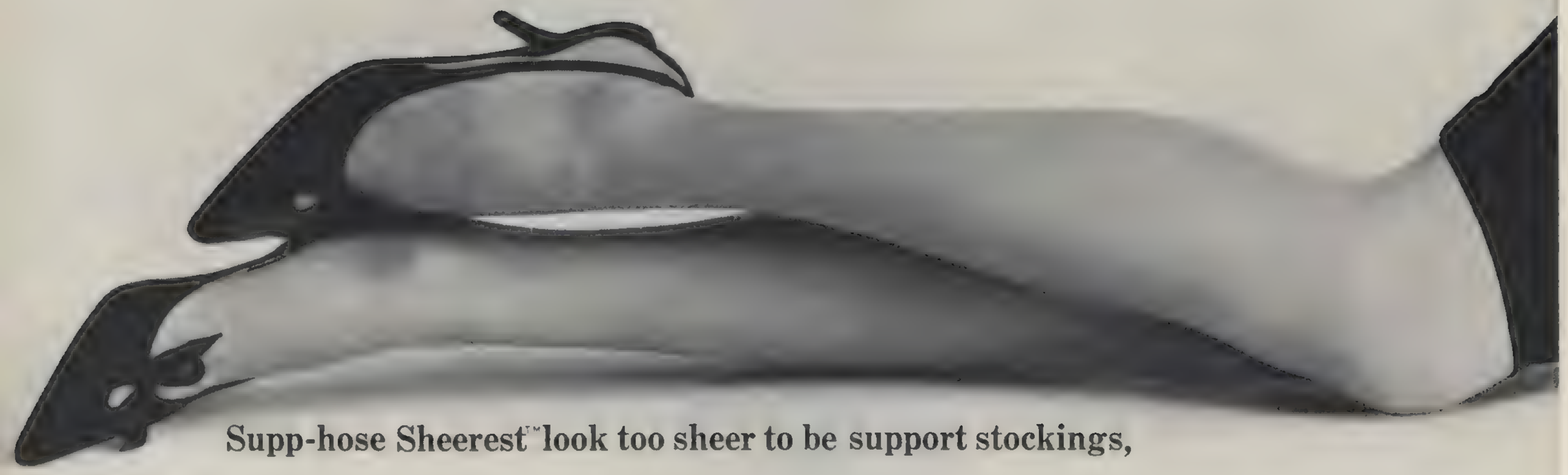
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The Royal Wedding in Athens after a week of galas



ROYAL FAMILIES OF DENMARK AND GREECE GOING ASHORE AT PHALERON BAY

The day—the wedding day—finally arrived. All of Athens had been out since early morning. Many slept on camp chairs in the streets for fear of missing the great show. The reception for Princess Anne-Marie was tremendous. People took her to their hearts. She is so beautiful, young, and charming.

THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCESS ANNE-MARIE: When the Danish Royal yacht brought the Princess and her party to Greece, all the Greek yachts rendezvoused at the Saronic entrance to the Corinth Canal to welcome her. Gaiety and excitement sparkled as bright as the day and the glinting seas. A crisp September breeze ruffled the blue-and-white Greek and red-and-white Danish flags, so that even at anchor, the ships of the flotilla seemed to dance. Laughter rippled about the boats. Friends shouted greetings back and forth. Speed boats skittered from yacht to yacht. A small white poodle barked at a tiny Yorkshire terrier on a nearby yacht. Weaving through the colourful fleet, a fisherman in a small white boat calmly pulled in his catch. A group of small children swam unconcernedly on the beach. The deep throaty sounds of boat whistles echoed off the Peloponnesus

DOLLY GOULANDRIS



LAUNCH WITH ROYAL FAMILIES, AND GREEK BATTLESHIPS FIRING 21-GUN SALUTE

mountains. Automobiles streamed along the highway and over the canal bridge.

Aboard the beautiful new "Pegasus II," Don Juan Carlos and Princess Sophia came with a large group to welcome the Danish Princess. While guests swam from the anchored yacht, Don Juan Carlos water-skied in the wake of a speedboat piloted by Heinrich, Prince of Hesse. When they changed places, Prince



PROCESSION OF CHURCH DIGNITARIES ON THEIR WAY TO THE WEDDING

Heinrich took a spill.

The flotilla backed and filled into order of procession to escort the Royal yacht to Phaleron. From a brightly painted caïque, a fisherman shouted: "Where is *Kyria* Anne-Marie?" Then from boat to boat, the cry went up: "Here they come!"

A pale-grey Danish battleship emerged from the canal, its band blaring. Two small mine sweepers followed. A helicopter whirled over the flotilla and settled on the sea. The King, impatient to greet his bride, had flown in with Queen Mother Frederika to surprise the Princess as she sailed through the canal. It was unexpected and very exciting.

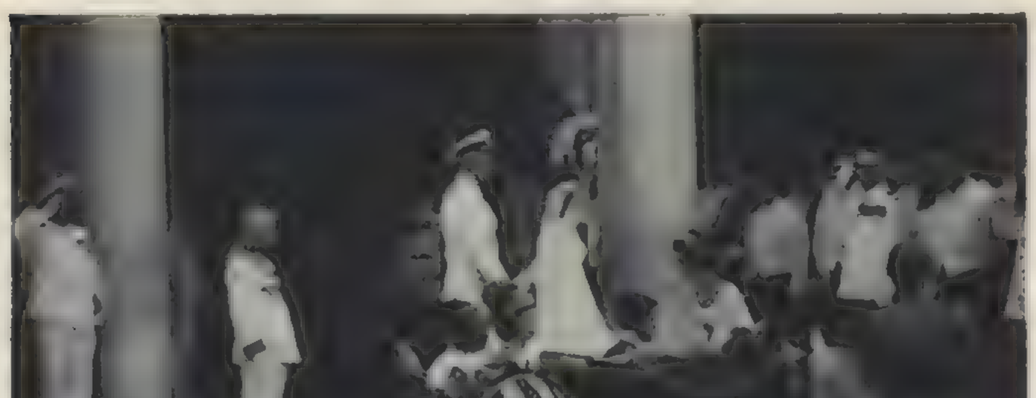
The beautiful white yacht, encrusted fore and aft with gilt, came out of the canal flying the Royal Danish flag. Whistles burst forth with welcoming blasts; wildly waving crowds cheered as the Royal yacht swooped past. The Niarchos yacht, "Creole,"



CROWDS CHEERING THE BRIDE AND HER FATHER

and the Onassis yacht, "Christina," cut through the blue water side by side as the fleet fell in to follow their Royalties on to Phaleron.

Hymettus was turning mauve, the Parthenon golden in the glowing rays of the setting sun as the flotilla arrived. Anchored around the official reception area of the Phaleron Delta were dozens of splendid yachts, a lineup of Greek battleships, and every variety of small craft—sculls, Lightnings, Dragons, speed boats. As the Royal party disembarked to a launch, one battleship after another fired a 21-gun salute. The crowd shouted, laughed, wept, and waved to King Constantine II, Princess Anne-Marie and the Royal party. (Continued on page 100)



THE BRIDE, WAVING HER BOUQUET BEFORE ENTERING THE CHURCH

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The Royal Wedding in Athens continued from page 98



THEIR MAJESTIES, THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE HELLENES, LEAVING CHURCH

THE BALL BEFORE THE WEDDING: It was a heavenly night, as only a summer night in Greece can be. The Royal gardens were lit in a superb way, with spotlights and lamps hanging from the trees. The guests stood on either side of the long alley of cypress trees leading from the palace to a garden pavilion—two thousand guests, all impatient for the arrival of the Royal party.



H. M. QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS

Suddenly the band struck up the national anthems, first the Greek, then the Danish. In a blaze of medals and jewels, came the pageant of Royalties—first the Royal Princes and Princesses—then the Royal couple with Queen Mother Frederika, then the Kings and Queens. (Princess Anne-Marie was ravishing in a pale-blue dress with the emerald necklace and tiara given her by Queen Mother Frederika, who wore white stitched with silver leaves.)

The pavilion was reserved for Royalty, but there were four enormous buffet tables, arranged with all kinds of food, drinks, and pink champagne, and smaller tables for eight placed about the garden. Everyone rushed to the two dance floors at the sound of music. King Constantine and Princess Anne-Marie opened the dance with a waltz and everyone joined in. In addition to officials, many young Athenians had been invited which gave a note of youth and gaiety to the party.

THEIR MAJESTIES, THE KING AND QUEEN OF THAILAND



DOLLY GOULANDRIS

The guests milled about to catch a glimpse of all the personalities: the charming sisters of the bride, Princess Margrethe and Princess Benedikte; the sisters of King Constantine, Princess Sophia in pink satin embroidered in pearls, Princess Irene in blue-and-silver bro-

cade. Princess Maria Gabriella of Savoy, wore red lace by Dior, and Princess Grace of Monaco, the same red lace. King Constantine danced with Miss Lynda Bird Johnson. Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus sat under a tree. Prince Philip was there, and Ambassadors gleamed in dark blue-and-gold diplomatic uniform.



H.R.H. CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES (THIRD FROM LEFT), A WEDDING USHER

In the pavilion, the young King stood to shake hands with every guest, while Princess Anne-Marie sat on a sofa next to Queen Mother Frederika. At midnight, the national anthems of Greece and Denmark marked the departure of the Royal guests, with King Constantine leading the entourage through the shaft of cypress trees to the palace. The big, happy party was over.



THEIR MAJESTIES, THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

THE ROYAL WEDDING: The sound of hoofs beating the pavement, the roar of the crowds, the peal of bells, and the national anthem announced the arrival at the Cathedral of King Constantine, who rode in a gilded carriage with Queen Mother Frederika. The excitement was terrific and mounting. Radiant, beautiful as the day, Princess Anne-Marie, with her father, left her open carriage drawn by six white horses, and waved her bouquet of lilies of the valley to the wildly cheering people. As she entered the church, the bridesmaids picked up her eighteen-foot train.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND THE HONOURABLE ANGUS OGILVY

Inside, the Cathedral glittered with candles, ten thousand red gladioli, the hilts of noble swords, the gold-encrusted robes and mitres of the bearded Archbishops. All the Queens and Princesses wore long dresses, ancestral jewels, and many wore feathered hats. Queen Ingrid of Denmark wore emerald green; Queen Sirikit of Thailand looked like a figurine of gold blazing with diamonds. During the ceremony, Archbishop Chrysostomos ("golden tongue-ed") touched the foreheads of the Royal pair with their wedding rings. Ten Princes of the blood alternated in holding the ruby-and-gold crowns above the heads of the bride and groom. From the sunlit dome, fresh rose petals drifted down as the choir chanted. *Isaia horeve* (Isaiah dance and rejoice).

T.R.H. PRINCESS SOPHIA AND DON JUAN CARLOS OF SPAIN



Then the handsome young King and Queen of the Hellenes walked down the aisle, bowing to their Royal guests. As they reached the portals of the Cathedral, a tremendous cheer went up from the people, and cannons roared a 101-gun salute.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

For the Leningrad Kirov Ballet, a spirited New York reception, given by Dr. and Mrs. B. H. Kean



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Like Degas bronzes, members of one of the greatest ballet companies in the world stood, backs straight, toes turned out, meeting our great American dancers and other distinguished guests of Dr. and Mrs. B. H. Kean. Mrs. Kean, whose back is as straight as her guests, from daily ballet classes ("They are splendid exercise, but also I want to learn all I can about the art I support and serve"), is president and founder of the Rebekah Harkness Foundation, which has offered some of the heartiest lifts to American dance in recent years—its latest lift, the new Harkness Ballet Company. In the French blue, pink, and bright yellow living room of the Kean penthouse, Duke Ellington's band blasted an uncompromising "Something's Got to Give." That was the cue for Russians and Americans to stop talking, to start dancing.



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1. Mr. Sol Hurok, Mrs. B. H. Kean, with Mr. Konstantin Sergeyev, artistic director of the Leningrad Kirov Ballet. 2. Miss Alla Sizova, a leading dancer of the Russian company, and Mr. Vadim Desnitsky. 3. Mr. Ali Pourfarrokh of the Harkness Ballet Company; Mr. Ronald Sequoia, choreographer with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Miss Melissa Hayden of the New York City Ballet Company. 4. Mr. André Eglevsky. 5. Miss Irina Kolpakova, a leading dancer of the Leningrad Kirov Ballet, and Mme. Alexandra Fedorova, formerly with Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. 6. Mr. Igor Youskevitch. 7. Mme. Natalia Dudinskaya, wife of Mr. Sergeyev. 8. The reception. 9. Mr. William Weslow with Jillana, both of the New York City Ballet Company. 10. Mr. Roger Stevens, Special Assistant to the President of the United States on Cultural Affairs.



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LARRY ALDRICH

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Who does Kenneth's hair?

Who does the hair of Kenneth the Great, the man responsible for the way the hair on so many famous great female heads stacks up? Every ten days Kenneth slips out of his Paisley-packed town-house salon, heads due east to Madison Avenue, moves smartly up three blocks to a salon he could fit in his brownstone's vest pocket, Jerry the Haircutter's salon which, like McSorley's Old Ale House, seems to thrive on the lack of female patronage. . . . In the booth next to Kenneth might be a sportscaster; a Big Business man; or a fourteen-year-old boy whose generous ($20 for Jerry, $6 for an assistant) father is convinced that, hirsutely, this is it. . . . After Kenneth has his rather Roman hair clipped, he asks for no kidstuff, just perhaps a little holding spray. (Hair spray, with a net holding the hair against a gusty hand dryer, is standard procedure now at the more enlightened gentlemen's barbershops.) To Jerry the Haircutter's, men are going now to have their hair straightened; to get a Sudden Youth Treatment, a masque that promises to keep Youth on hand for up to ten hours; for mud packs, lilac steams. . . . In the interest of making a little hair look like more, they're having their hair teased by brush; ordering hair-pieces designed by Jerry and held fast by a two-faced stickum tape that enables the wearer even to go swimming securely ($100 a small piece to $300 for a full head of hair). Manicure life at Jerry's: just buffing; not even clear polish; no white under tips. Haircut timing: ten days between; tinting, two weeks between—but if the hair has a part, every seven or eight days. Jerry on grey hair: "Leave bit of grey. Jet-black hair on a man in his fifties looks ridiculous." Jerry summoned up a Ben Hecht story. Asked which of several legendary characters he thought was the oldest, Hecht replied, "The one with the darkest hair."

Scent-strike in Texas

There are, we hold, two quick ways to sense a certain aspect of any city, if one has only a few hours and, presumably, has already seen the museums. One is a ruffle of the Classified Telephone Directory; the other, a fast turn through the cosmetics department of the top store, there to observe the lady citizenry offguard. . . . Trying this approach recently in Dallas, the first source revealed this: barbecue catering is, not surprisingly, a major industry (two pages' worth, including specialists in breakfast barbecues); so is education (among the listings of schools, one described as a finishing school for girls over three); so is the taste in and for the most ravishing of gardens (lots of nurserymen able to train ivy to jump through hoops, do tic-tac-toes on whitewashed walls). . . . The second source of instant impression was, you might have guessed, the cosmetics department of that civic club called Neiman-Marcus. Every counter full of action—but nowhere more focus than at the special showcase of men's grooming aids. There, gleaming bottles of The Best being examined by women customers. The hit of the moment, however: small, after-shave towelettes, infiltrated with N.M.'s own after-shave scent.

Raise the lamb

When the *Wall Street Journal* reports a boom in men's grooming aids, that's quite indicative. When the people who tot up the figures of what's going great guns underline men's fragrances, that's indicative, too. But when Brooks Brothers, that stronghold of masculine no-nonsense, goes into the men's grooming-aids business —raise the flag, hoist the Brothers' trademark lamb, *that's it.* . . . Under the Brooks Brothers label there are now three new flavours of cologne for men—Herb, Heather, Sandalwood. An aerosol shaving cream is a part of the way they see things, too. So are three after-shave lotions, including a Woodmoss. So is a mouth wash. . . . Brooks Brothers took a characteristic stand. It did *not* pussyfoot around about what's selling. Brooks Brothers decided how a Brooks-dressed man ought to be flavoured, just as Brooks Brothers makes a well-known point of what tie goes with what. . . . To our inquiry about whether Brooks believes the after-shave choice should match the cologne scent: polite embarrassment, slightly astonished eyebrows. "Why certainly we think a man should have some variety from which to choose his scent each morning. After all, there is more than one correct repp tie. . . ."

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What about Satura without hormones?

This is for a different skin type. It may be a younger skin or it may not. Probably there is a tendency to oiliness that makes it advisable to use a very light, moistening cream. For this reason, if you are under thirty, and have never used Satura before, we suggest you try regular Satura first.

What can Satura promise me that other creams cannot?

Satura's reputation has not been built on promises but on results. We do not claim that it is an overnight wonder. Use it faithfully. Take the extra time to apply it carefully. And double your beauty benefits by using a gentle film of Satura Lotion daily under your make-up. What your mirror will show you will be more impressive than anything we could say about Satura.

How should I use Satura?

If possible, every night. The extra moisture your skin will gain will be of utmost benefit. Let Satura do its best for you by first cleansing your skin carefully. Massage Satura thoroughly into your skin, using upward strokes. Relax and let Satura's moisture sink into your skin. We are so sure that you will find Satura the finest cream of its kind that we wish you to sample it. Send fifty cents to cover handling and postage to Dorothy Gray, Ltd., P.O. Box 1393, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017 for a generous sample and the Satura booklet. Remember, the thousands of women who have bought Satura over the years have done it for just one reason—it made them more beautiful.

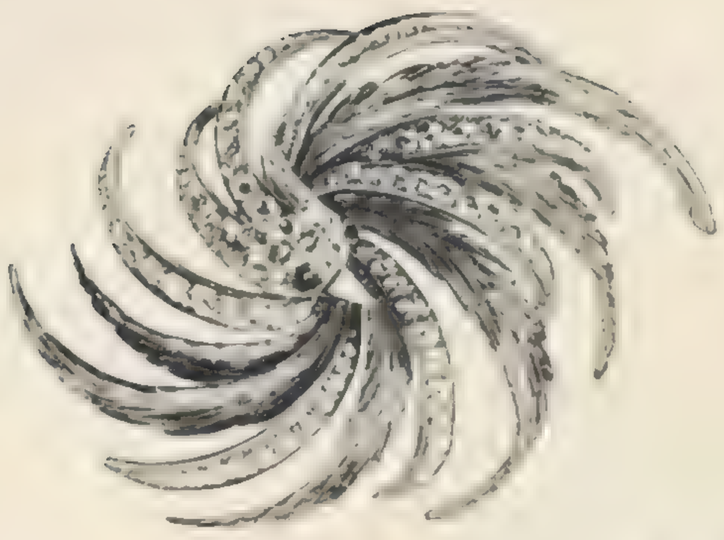
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SUN VALLEY NOTES

By Despina Messinesi

From the two wide, open windows of my room at the Sun Valley Lodge, I looked out on glorious snowed mountains, smooth and glistening like upside-down china bowls under a blue, blue sky. The air was so pure, no smell, all desert dry.

Life is serene. Skiing is the thing in this dazzling sun trap some six thousand feet above the sea. Skiers—and non-skiers of whom there are few—look like supermen and women in taut pants and thick boots. Action begins around 9:30 in the morning, when skiers shouldering skis and poles, like soldiers on parade, gather at the Meeting Place, a snow field between the Lodge and the village.

Here, blue-eyed Sigi Engl, head of Sun Valley's celebrated ski school, along with three assistants, sorts skiers into classes. They judge skill with the precision of an IBM computer. Buses shuttling skiers free to the lifts are yolk-yellow, the yellow of the Union Pacific Railroad cars, the company which owns and runs Sun Valley.

One of the best things in the big, barny Lodge is afternoon tea—the Lodge is probably one of the few places in America that serves it on a grand European scale from samovars of copper, round as globes. For all meals in the Lodge, the village restaurants, or ski huts, guests sign chits. Temporarily, there is no money problem; everything shows up on the weekly bill.

Rooms at the Lodge are a soothing beige with big closets and sturdy oak furniture which dates back to 1936, the year Sun Valley began. Service is excellent. Each breakfast tray comes with a rose and a Burgundy-red linen napkin. Buckwheat cakes are the size of a silver dollar.

Sun Valley Village is small, looks Tyrolean with pastel-painted houses, and, for movies, a henna-coloured building called Opera House. The baby-blue chalet that I liked turned out to be a hospital.

General store is a misnomer for Pete Lane's shop. For me, it had the fascination of a boutique, seemed to have everything for The Life: Italian silk glove-liners; thin silk socks to wear under wool ones; a good stock of Henke ski boots; weigh-nothing nylon shirts worn as windbreakers. In a basket were toe-socks brightly embroidered "It happened in Sun Valley" which I'd seen on legs in casts. (The important business of skis, fittings and upkeep, was handled next door.)

Chairlifts glide silently above tall fir trees. The only noise is the shhhh of skiers descending. Before takeoff on the 3,770-foot ride up Baldy Mountain, the lift starter hands out huge canvas capes.

At lunch on the terrace of the Roundhouse, the cafeteria on Baldy, the sun burns and everybody sheds parkas. Beginners and intermediate skiers practising on the treeless slopes of Dollar and Half-Dollar Mountains lunch at a ski chalet at the foot of the slopes.

A swim in the Lodge's outdoor pool, steaming like a kettle of water, was a glorious midday occupation. The new attraction in the massage quarters is sauna baths followed by a roll in the snow.

Evenings at the Lodge are gay and dance-y. Dinner-dancing is a big thing. The excellent band plays tangos, fox-trots; later, in the Duchin Room, livelier, faster rhythms.

HOW TO GO: From the East, the trip appears more complex than it is. Quickest way is by air from New York to Salt Lake City, Utah, connecting with West Coast Airlines to Twin Falls, Idaho. From there, it is a three-hour bus ride on Sun Valley Stages. This ten-hour trip, one way, including plane and bus fares, about $160.

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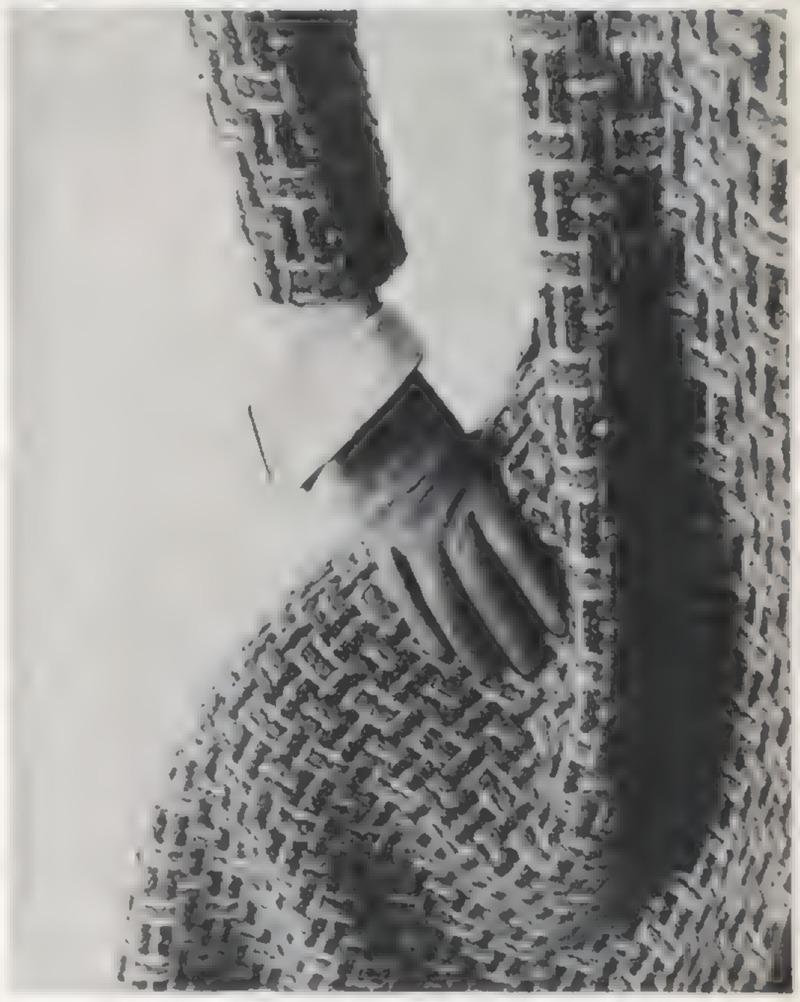
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Above: The "Savoy Wristlet,"
cut to make the hand look
long and tapering,
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maneuvered you can
barely feel them.
Left: This is the "Bow Brum"
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that must be met halfway.
Notice how gently
it tapers, how beautifully
detailed it is.





Left: The "Mondrian"
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Germaine Monteil

NOVEMBER 1, 1964 VOGUE

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: THE GIRL WHO WENT OUT IN THE COLD



JOHN COWAN

In a big, glorious bundle of shaggy white lamb, a girl in the very limit of cold—a girl at the top of the world. Arctic world—a soundless, windless place like the inside of an enormous diamond, where nothing falls; nothing blows . . . where children play together, and make no noise . . . where all sense of time and distance is reshaped by days that are twenty-four hours of light, and the flat, unchanging horizon makes remote islands seem within quick reach . . . where the sky hangs as low as a bright-blue stage backdrop, sewn forever to an improbable sheet of white . . . where the refraction of sun on the blinking brilliance of snow and ice spangles the entire world in glacial pastel shadows. This glittering world—scene of the next fourteen pages. (Hooded Mongolian lamb parka by Revillon. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus. Hansen gloves.)

ARCTIC WHITE—ITS MAGNETIC DAZZLE reflected here in a white winter-evening cape with a pure snowfall of shape, a hood edged in white mink, helmet and gloves of silvery sequins. This, and the clothes on the next twelve pages, photographed in the silent brilliance of Resolute Bay, on Cornwallis Island in the Arctic Circle, where the unbelievable lighting from iceblinks and sunshifts changes the white of floes—and clothes—to shadowy mauve, blue, yellow. Cape by Ben Reig, of white silk faille, with a long princesse dress (unseen here) of the same fabric. Costume at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Sequin gloves by Viola Weinberger; at Bergdorf Goodman. The sequin helmet by Adolfo.

JOHN COWAN





To sink into like a snowdrift, with all its glistening depths of dazzle: a coat of white ostrich feathers—swinging, weightless, wildly spectacular—for evenings when gala-levels are highest. Here, with a rounded white space-hennin worn over a white-wrapped head, at the crevice-striped tundra of Resolute Bay. Coat by and at Georges Kaplan. Hat by Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

JOHN COWAN



Smashing long white flings of fur: An ermine dress, above, with deep-slit skirt, a bare halter top surrounded, here, by sequins—a blouse, helmet, gloves. Dress, by Donald Brooks for Coopchick Forrest, of bleached white Russian ermine. Blouse, by Sportswear Couture. Dress and blouse, both to order at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Blum's, Chicago. Adolfo helmet. Viola Weinberger gloves. Long white mink coat, opposite, a narrow limber shape with nine glittery buttons of beads and fringe, a collar framed here—for more glitter—with an elaborate necklace. Coat by Oliver Gintel, of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink; at Blum's, Chicago; Davidson's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Pavion-Expansion necklace. White mink kerchief-cap, by Emme. White mink boots, at Andrew Geller.



JOHN COWAN

JOHN COWAN



White mink pea jacket, left, with beaded buttons, a wide notched collar, a wonderful kind of mink-ease. By Bill Blass for Revillon, of white-dyed mink; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Rhinestone gloves by Arpad. Silvery helmet and purdah, by Adolfo. Spanish snap in white mink, right, a long, slightly Flamenco coat-shape—the long lean top worked vertically, the rounded skirt horizontally. By Betty Yokova for Neustadter, of Umpa natural white mink. At N.H. Rosenthal; I. Magnin. Marcel Wagner gloves; at Bonwit Teller. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. White mink boots: Andrew Geller.

Tunic embroidered in glitter, above, with white silk satin pants that finish, here, in sequin boots — superb now for a Saint-Moritz kind of party. Tunic, pants, by Ceil Chapman. At Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. White brocade, minked in white, opposite. Over a long bare-top dress with deep folds in the skirt, a shell of jacket with white mink cuffs. By Branell, of rayon-and-silk (William Rose fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Harzfeld's. Both pages: Viola Weinberger gloves; Adolfo hood.

JOHN COWAN



FLASH: THE ARCTIC

BY JOHN COWAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: John Cowan, a tall and narrow Englishman, is a photographic journalist, who usually works in Paris. London, and New York. To photograph clothes for Vogue within Canada's Arctic Circle at Resolute, he travelled there with a Vogue team, Mary Kruming, the editor in charge, and two mannequins, Jill Kennington and Antonia Boeckesteyn, and his assistant, Allan Ballard. Here, his taped comments on the Arctic adventure.

The first major thing is that every footstep you take out there, someone has taken one for you first; and every time we went out on the ice the Canadian Mountie went out first with the five of us following, so that there were six footprints all in the same hole. Every time you wanted to put a foot down everything had to be checked.

At Frobisher Bay, the hotel was a very long single-storey building, painted dark green with yellow scallops on each corner. It was the most revolting piece of Brighton baroque I'd ever seen. The taxi was a 1936 or 1937 teased-out American car, dead dangerous, because all the doors were rusty, all the windows falling out. And Frobisher itself was a rather pathetic place on first impression. It was very, very cold indeed.

That was our first touch of the Arctic. Although not actually the Arctic Circle, there was plenty of snow around. Resolute was another ten hours' flying, with a break at Hall Beach—that's one of the DEW line radar stations where the plane stopped for six hours, and we had a chance to get some of our luggage out. We all found thick socks, and then we started wearing parkas, because it really was cold, even in the aircraft.

We got to Resolute about four or five o'clock in the morning. The country at Resolute is just flat tundra with, I think, the highest point about two hundred feet. (Continued on page 210)





White brocade, silvery sequins, opposite—a coatdress buttoned in brilliants with a beautifully gored shape that hollows under a slanted bow at the bosom. Here, with a sequinned crusader helmet and gloves. Dress by Hannah Troy, of silk brocade (Couleur fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Battelstein's. Helmet by Adolfo. Snowy pants turnout, above, of wide-waled white corduroy—a long pea jacket, straight pants, the trimmest proportions. Suit by Robert Sloan, of Cone cotton corduroy with Syl-mer water-repellent finish. Jacket, about $55; pants, about $25. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Hovland-Swanson. Hansen gloves; Bonwit Teller. Corduroy boots by Sandler of Boston. Lilly Daché hood.

JOHN COWAN

Sweeping to peaks of enchantment, a princesse evening coat of taffeta with narrow little shoulders, a skirt that widens toward the hem with shaped gores, a fluted edge around the collar and down the front. This, Arctic blue—pale as the startling, sun-tinted Arctic snow—a quality of blue that, in taffeta, has the most feminine charm and dash. Coat by Eric Lund; of silk taffeta by Sormani. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. Hat, of deeper blue glacé chiffon, by Halston; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Kidskin gloves by Kislav.



JOHN COWAN



GIVEN

The star of *My Fair Lady* in a real-life rôle for which she is equally famous—and just as spectacularly well cast: Audrey Hepburn wearing—again for Vogue—her favourites from the new Givenchy collection. *Left:* White satin to the floor under church-violet lace, beaded, dense with chenille embroidery, slightly trained—a coat and dress with the lifted waist and ravishing delicacy of the Gothic tapestry figures in La Dame à la Licorne. High at the neck, fitted very lightly over the ribcage front and back, and falling to the hem in widening gores—this is one of the most enticing of Givenchy evening themes, a dream of cutting and shaping. Audrey Hepburn's dream—to wear it, perhaps, for the New York opening of *My Fair Lady*.

Right: A look to tempt unicorns out of myths—Audrey Hepburn in blazing white faille with flames of scarlet ostrich feathers licking at her feet. This dress and underskirt: a strong possibility for the night *Fair Lady* opens in Chicago. With it, a Givenchy bow of brilliants on the high, flat, untouching midriff; and on all eight pages, the new Givenchy maquillage. Both dresses, here, and the coat, at I. Magnin. The coiffures—with chignons like little Givenchy hats—by Roger of Alexandre. Shoes by Mancini.

HEPB

CHY



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PENN



GIVENCHY

As always at Givenchy: a glorious garden of colour—lilac and jade and two delectable pinks that could make flowers sigh with envy. *Left:* In lilac gonflé satin and white mink, Givenchy's Dame à la Licorne theme with alluring variations at the back—a glimpse of polished skin almost to the waist; a bow; and an ankle-length tunic with rounded corners, curved up like an apron over a trailing underskirt. Again, the high, fitted front, springing away from the body in shaped gores —Audrey Hepburn adored this, considered it for the Los Angeles opening of *My Fair Lady*. In America the dress is at I. Magnin. *Below:* An adorable velvet demi-topper in a wonderfully true jade green, with that fantastic balance of absurdity, genius, and love that makes a Givenchy hat one of the entrancements of life. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. *Right:* Like the inside and outside of a rose, an at-home look in two of the most perfect pinks imaginable. Long satin coat in clear, pale-rose pink over deeper pink silk cloqué—sleeveless tunic with a small rolled shirt collar, satin ribbon around the waist, slender pants above matching satin mules. In America at I. Magnin. Coiffures by Roger of Alexandre.

HEPBURN



PENN







GIVENCHY

The smashing days of Givenchy: a feeling of taller, narrower proportions—hats high, covering high topknots; long necks, small midriffs, pretty legs—exquisite clothes to wear and wear. *Left:* In brushed mohair of the most appetizing zinnia pink, a Givenchy love forever—his sleeveless dress with a shallow rounded neck, slightly V'd in back, and a fitted, beautifully laid-on top, self-tied above a fullish skirt. With this, a rather bulky, raglan-sleeved jacket and a cone of black velvet tiers worn high on the head. All at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. *Above left:* Givenchy's perfect day—tweedy grey mohair with small sleeves cut in one with the top of the dress, a buttoned centre-closing at the neck curved around to the side and fastened, and a big stitched pocket on the comfortable skirt. Audrey Hepburn carries the jacket—a small-collared double-breasted Givenchy classic. Costume, in America at I. Magnin. The huntsman's cap of shiny brown sealskin, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. *Above right:* Watch this suit—the squareness, the uncompromising flatness on the body—it's the most important piece of Givenchy tailoring this season. Here, in thick oatmeal tweed with a standing square-edged collar, a single-breasted cardigan over a double-breasted skirt—square, buttoned tab; deep inverted pleat; plenty of room to move. In America at I. Magnin. The printed wool turban in brown and beige is at Bergdorf Goodman and I. Magnin.



HEPBURN

PENN







GIVENCHY

Six o'clock at Givenchy—shining black moments and the wittiest hats in the world. *Above left:* Black brocade version of the tunic that turns up like an apron in back—lightly fitted at the front, buttoned down the back over a narrow underskirt, and worn with the double-breasted jacket that Audrey Hepburn holds in this photograph, and a hat of black and blue ostrich feathers. All: I. Magnin. Dress, also: Lord & Taylor. *Above right:* Black-satin organza tunic wrapped very tenderly across the bodice, rounded over an underskirt of jet-tipped organza fringe, shimmering and moving on the knee. The demi-topper, tart-yellow velvet. Both, in America at I. Magnin. *Left:* A Givenchy jewel—diamond-shaped curé hat in black velvet. At I. Magnin. *Opposite:* All sealed up for dinner in ruched black silk cloqué with a dimpled billiard ball of turquoise satin on her head—Audrey Hepburn in a biased shawl and a flounced, barely shaped dress; with a high bateau neck in front, a U-shaped décolletage at the back. Hat and dress: I. Magnin. Hats on both pages, also: Bergdorf Goodman.

HEPBURN

PENN





GIVENCHY

La Mariée, the enchanted closing moment of the collection—worn here by Audrey Hepburn, and lacking only a unicorn to complete the vision of a tapestried heroine at the Musée de Cluny. Carved away from the body in white silk matelassé, with veiling held on a matching pillbox. I. Magnin.

HEPBURN



Slender, beautiful length at the back of the neck: a Hepburn glory, glorified in white broadtail lamb—a twist of turban on a high, lacquered topknot; and a tiny band of coat-collar flung off the neck. All: I. Magnin. Turban: Bergdorf Goodman.





THE PHENOMENON OF "MY FAIR LADY"

BY CLEVELAND AMORY

Once upon a time the Pygmalion story was just a poor little myth, with a Greek accent, from the island of Cyprus—one which rated just three humble paragraphs in the *Mythology* of that Proper Bostonian gentleman and scholar, Thomas Bulfinch. But, even then, it was obvious this myth was far from the poor little myth which, at first blush, she seemed. Some day with lots of study and hard work on her part, and lots of patience on the part of various other gentlemen and scholars, she would have the world at her feet—rolling in the aisles, as well.

According to the myth, a sculptor named Pygmalion so detested women for their wicked ways that he resolved, like the wise man he then was, to remain a bachelor. However, he made the fatal mistake of carving an ivory statue of a girl which was so beautiful that he fell in love with it. "He caressed it," says Bulfinch, "and gave it presents such as young girls love—bright shells and polished stones, little birds and flowers of various hues, beads and amber."

As if this were not evidence enough that he was losing his grip, Pygmalion next dressed his statue up, putting a necklace around her neck and earrings on her ears and—undoubtedly his most foolish step of all—a ring on her finger.

When the statue came to life, Pygmalion had a last chance to run. By now, however, completely around the bend, he stayed, and as soon as the girl saw the ring, of course, she demanded—as anybody could have told him she would—that he make an honest woman out of her. And so, it says, they were married and lived happily ever after.

With a little bit of luck, the story might have ended right there. But this myth had a way with her. First came Ovid, in the *Metamorphoses,* who among other things, metamorphosed the story along sophisticated lines. In Elizabethan times came another version or two, and then at last the fair lady was ready for her first real test—the play *Pygmalion and Galatea*, by Sir William Gilbert, who at the time he wrote it, in 1871, was just about to join Sir Arthur Sullivan. In Gilbert's version when the play opens, Pygmalion is, of all things, married, and as if this were not bad enough, he is so married that at the time of his wedding the gods decreed that if either Pygmalion or his wife should ever be unfaithful to the other, the other would have the power to cause the offender to be totally blinded and stay so until expressly pardoned by the offended. On top of this, Mrs. Pygmalion had herself been the model for the Galatea statue and, when she goes away on a trip, she leaves Pygmalion with specific instructions to be as faithful to the statue as he would to her.

Well, this sort of thing is, of course, to a girl like Galatea, moth- (Continued next page)

MY FAIR LADIES. Five Eliza Doolittles, beginning 1.) with the first Eliza, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a hearty forty-nine when she turned in 1914 from flower girl to great lady. 2.) Lynn Fontanne, a delight in the 1926 Broadway production of *Pygmalion.* 3.) Wendy Hiller in 1938 in the first *Pygmalion* movie. 4.) Gertrude Lawrence, a Cockney wonder in the 1946 Broadway *Pygmalion.* 5.) Julie Andrews in 1956 as the adorable and first Eliza in the miracle musical, *My Fair Lady.*

AUDREY HEPBURN, the latest Eliza Doolittle, the enchantress of the new, extravagantly beautiful movie, *My Fair Lady*, here in this Cecil Beaton photograph as the Cockney girl whom George Bernard Shaw, the man in the hat at the top of this page, described when he created her in his phenomenal play, *Pygmalion,* as "a rapscalliony flower girl." Everyone knows what happened to her later.

CECIL BEATON



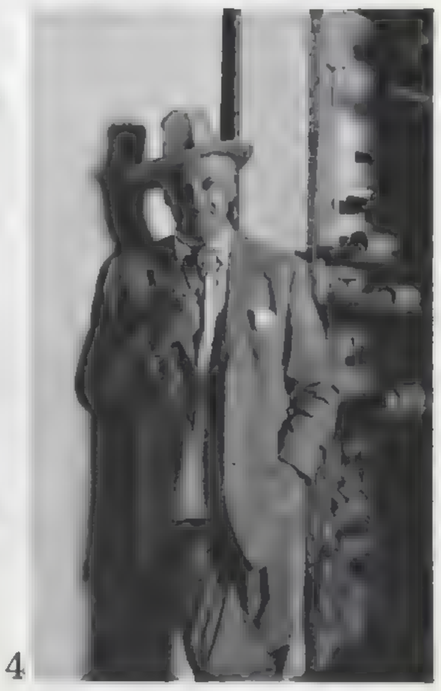
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FIVE MEN, shown on these two pages, are responsible for the greatest charmer since Cleopatra: Eliza Doolittle of *My Fair Lady*. Originally Eliza was the happiest creation of George Bernard Shaw, shown here on the opposite page sitting on the title. The other four, *above*, are 1.) Alan Jay Lerner, who with the wand of his libretto and magic words, turned *Pygmalion* into the musical play, *My Fair Lady*. 2.) George Cukor, the skillful director of the new movie. 3.) Frederick Loewe who composed the delicious songs, sung by practically everyone except the Red Chinese. 4.) Cecil Beaton who designed the costumes for the musical and the movie of *My Fair Lady*, and the movie sets, giving them a vision, spendthrift, and marvellous.

(Continued from preceding page) er's milk. But, when she comes to life, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. She puts on an act which, for pure naïveté, is probably unequalled in literature. Pretending to know nothing—always the perfect man-trap—she starts asking questions about everything. She first wants to know what a woman is, then, when Pygmalion's explained that, she wants to know what a man is, and then, after he's explained *that*, she wants to know what love is. Once she knows, of course, she's fascinated. He's *so* smart, she tells him. Why didn't *she* think of that? Why, it's exactly what she has for him! Pygmalion of course, who is not notably brighter than he was twenty-three centuries before, suggests rather timidly if perhaps it wouldn't be possible—now that his wife is on her way back home—for Galatea to learn to love him as a father. "Well," she replies, "as thou wilt. It is enough to know that I may love thee." But of course she also wants to know "Wilt thou love me too?" "Yes," replies Pygmalion, "as a daughter." Unhappily, this, as it turns out, wilt not work—for when Mrs. Pygmalion returns, she is not about to buy this father-love deal. In short order, she blinds Pygmalion and he tells Galatea, whom he mistakes for Mrs. Pygmalion, who enters the scene, as the stage directions have it, "unobserved," that he only loved her before she came alive because she (Galatea) reminded him of her (Mrs. Pyg.) and that after she came alive he literally couldn't stand the sight of her. In the end Galatea has to climb back on her pedestal with Pygmalion's curse still ringing in her ears.

Not for long, however, does she stay there. For Gilbert's play, unbelievable as it reads today, was a hit, and was seen by, among others, George Bernard Shaw. In 1897 Shaw wrote a letter declaring he hoped to write a play for Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Forbes-Robertson in which "he will be a West End gentleman and she an East End *dona* in an apron with three orange and red ostrich feathers." He also described his heroine as "a rapscalliony flower girl."

Not until 1912, however, did Shaw finish his play, and though his stage directions called for an Eliza Doolittle to be "perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older," Mrs. Campbell, at forty-nine, an age at which she stayed some time—undertook the rôle. "It would be better if I was twenty-five years younger," she wrote Shaw, "but thanks for thinking I can be your pretty slut." Nonetheless, Mrs. Campbell balked at the idea of having a star play Professor Higgins. Shaw's reply was stern. "If you don't," he told her, "you will receive wonderful notices, and you will close in two weeks." Mrs. Campbell saw the point.

Curiously enough, however, when Mrs. Campbell opened in Shaw's *Pygmalion* in London in 1914, it was not the first production.

For the myth was still up to her old tricks. Shaw, irritated that his plays, always popular on the Continent, were, if they received bad notices in London, not picked up for the Continent, decided, with characteristic Shavian logic, to open on the Continent first. Thus, the initial production of *Pygmalion* was in German, in Vienna, the second, also in German, in Berlin, and another, interestingly enough in America—albeit still in German—opened in March 1914, at the Deutsches Theatre on Irving Place.

Despite the war, Shaw's play was a tremendous hit—his first outstanding commercial success. Audiences gasped at the famous scene at the conclusion of Eliza's first visit to Mrs. Higgins' house. "Are you walking across the park, Miss Doolittle?" Freddy asks her. "Walk!" exclaims Eliza, "Not bloody likely!" It was not the first time the word had ever been heard on the London stage—but in any case, even Shaw's stage directions read quietly "*Sensation.*"

When it came time for the next step of the saga, the movie *Pygmalion* in 1938, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller, Shaw himself wrote the screenplay and dialogue, although scenarists W. P. Lipscombe and Cecil Lewis made the adaptation. This time, when the crossing was made to America, there was a landmark story. This occurred when Nicholas Schenck, of

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, upon seeing the picture for American release, pronounced Wendy Hiller's cockney dialogue "very indistinct." This pronouncement threw the entire studio into consternation—particularly when Schenck added his idea for a solution. "I think," he said firmly, " that when we play the local theatres it should be dubbed." Later it was carefully explained to Schenck—at a high level of course—that the cockney dialect was essential.

In any case, the acid test for the Pygmalion story began in the spring of 1952 when the late Gabriel Pascal offered it as a musical to Alan Jay Lerner, and his partner, Frederick Loewe. Pascal, a monstrously outrageous man—"Shaw's joke on the world," Lerner characterizes him—had received the rights to Shaw's plays, the story goes, by the simple expedient of ringing Shaw's doorbell. "Whom do you represent?" asked the servant suspiciously. "Destiny," replied Pascal—a remark which Shaw, on his way upstairs, overheard. He promptly came down the stairs again. "How much money do you have?" he asked. Pascal reached in his pocket and took out his money. "Eleven shillings," he said. "Come in," said Shaw. "You're the first honest producer I've ever met."

As it turned out, even after Pascal had the rights, the hurdle to musical comedy was not, for the Pygmalion story, by any means an easy one. Before Lerner, a sizeable list of theatrical luminaries had tried their hands and failed—including the late Moss Hart who would later so brilliantly direct the Lerner-Loewe production. Even Rodgers and Hammerstein had not been able to bring it off—despite the fact that they had the story under option for a full eight months.

"It seemed," says Lerner, "one drawing-room comedy which just resisted expansion." At this time Lerner himself worked for six months, and then gave up and instead went to work on a musical version of Li'l Abner. And Pascal, with Pygmalion back in his lap, tackled both Noel Coward and Cole Porter—"both of whom," said Richard Maney, "were awed by Pascal's profanity but suspicious of his strategies."

After Pascal died, Lerner and Loewe were talking about him and recalling some of his incredible stories when, all of a sudden, Lerner turned to his partner. "Let's," he said, "have another go at *Pygmalion.*"

Even today, separated from Loewe and working on his new show, *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, with Burton Lane, Lerner gives Loewe great credit—not only, of course, for his matchless *Fair Lady* music, but also for his sense of construction. "Fritz has a really sound sense of theatre," he says. "He thinks along classic lines. He never really recognized the twentieth century artistically—and it's a good thing. A musical play, you know"—Lerner rarely uses the words "musical comedy"—"is constructed along classic lines."

Until Lerner, the Pygmalion story had had a long history of being used as a vehicle for its authors' pet aversions. Even way back in William Morris's *The Earthly Paradise*, Galatea had carried, in critic Leo Lerman's words, "a bogus history lesson in her glum pre-Raphaelite hand." And when Gilbert took over he could not resist the vehicular use of the story for satirizing art patrons. In fact, the play starts with the insolent slave of the patron Chrysos coming, patronizingly, to tell Pygmalion that his master is coming to see him and may even deign to buy his statue. To which Pygmalion replies:

"Your master's slave reflects his insolence!/Tell him from me, that though I'm poor enough,/I am an artist and a gentleman./He should not reckon Art among his slaves;/She rules the world—so let him wait on her."

And, later, when Galatea comes to life, and meets the patron, Chrysos, she, believing all people were sculptured to life, declares:

"The individual who modelled you/Was a beginner very probably."

When it came Shaw's turn with the story, he, too, used it not only to expound his pet theory about the contribution of different methods of speech to class (Continued on page 218)

THE PHENOMENON OF

"MY FAIR LADY"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The betting odds on the election with the insiders quoting the morning line from the gamblers at Vegas and from the great betting house, Ladbroke's, in London. . . . *The Committee*, a smart little group who do a revue of often funny, frozen improvisations, smashing head-on into politics. . . . The wily, eighteenth-century satirist, Jonathan Swift, whose old book, *Directions to Servants*, just republished, contains among other advices this: "Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at first whistle." . . . *The Entertainers*, a new CBS-TV program starring nine commercials and twelve products, occasionally interrupted by Art Buchwald, Carol Burnett, and, among others, Tessie O'Shea.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The amazingly gay, horrifying, and extraordinary "exhibition of monsters, evil or endearing," some of them old as Egyptian ones, some as contemporary as Ernst, Matta, and Picasso, but all at the University of St. Thomas Art Gallery in Houston, Texas. . . . The craze of Italian women for cleaning their skins with watermelons. . . . *The Pilgrims*, a new threesome group of folk singers (on Columbia Records) with an especially good tenor, Bob Guillaume, who flies off in the song, "Three Little Worms." . . . *Goldfinger*, so far the best James Bond movie, the action marvellously implausible. . . . *Peyton Place*, a sad, popular, unpleasant night serial that goes so slowly that it seems to be fainting away.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, John Osborne's new play, *Inadmissable Evidence*, in which he makes a bloodcurdling, sad, envious attack on the young that he used to speak *for*, the young now forty who find life slipping away, with the major rôle that of a solicitor, played by Nicol Williamson, who grimaces, twitches, and leches with stupendous authenticity. . . . The increased success of the Ad Lib Club where everyone who is switched on goes almost nightly, its lovers including Catherine Deneuve, making the new movie, *Repulsion*. . . . Lady Longford's huge study of Queen Victoria, *Victoria, R.I.*, a book like formalized chatter, drawn from Windsor Castle archives never used before. . . . The high jinks in Kent at Chilham Castle, seat of Viscount Massereene, where Kim Novak in flesh-coloured tights prances around between takes of *Moll Flanders*. . . . Marianne Faithfull, who looks like a small lost angel, has a sharp edge to her tongue, sings in a wispy way, especially her hit pop song, "As Tears Go By," and doesn't want adulation, just money in the bank.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new Fellini movie, *Juliet and the Ghosts*, now in the works in Rome. . . . The superbly carried out exhibition, "1914," with almost two hundred and fifty objects from some one hundred and ninety American collections, now at the Baltimore Museum of Art, all to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. . . . In Paris, the changes in the Parisian press, with one of the most important changes at *L'Express* which used to look like a weekly newspaper, but now looks like an American news magazine, the editor hoping thus to recruit younger and less politically minded readers. . . . *My Favorite Things*, a quirky, commonsensical book by Dorothy Rodgers who has wisely, but sometimes awkwardly, put in it hundreds of her special notions about houses and food. . . . New York's Bianchini Gallery which has pushed Pop Art to the wall with its exhibition called "The American Supermarket," supplied with beer cans by Jasper Johns, Brillo boxes by Andy Warhol, fruit and vegetables, oversized, by Bob Watts, plus, among other plaster and wax groceries, some cheese and cold cuts by Mary Inman.

ZIZI JEANMAIRE, FIREWORKS STAR OF "ZIZI"

In a foam of feathers, her child's smile like a diamond, her long delicate legs like beautiful twigs, Zizi Jeanmaire in her own French *pastiche* of a French revue, *Zizi*, is at once both 1964 and a throwback to the furious theatrical chic of Gaby Deslys who enchanted audiences in the 1910's. Zizi's name is an amused sound behind the teeth but her fame is of a more durable order, built on her strength, her tenacity, her three-ply talents. With her big rough voice, her small fine body, her dancing legs cutting the air like scissors, she has bounced her way—each bounce choreographed boldly by Roland Petit, her husband and the show's director—across this country since August, skidding to a happy stop for her New York opening this month in a skirl of Yves St. Laurent costumes, extravagant, frothy, marvellously music hall.

WILLIAM KLEIN

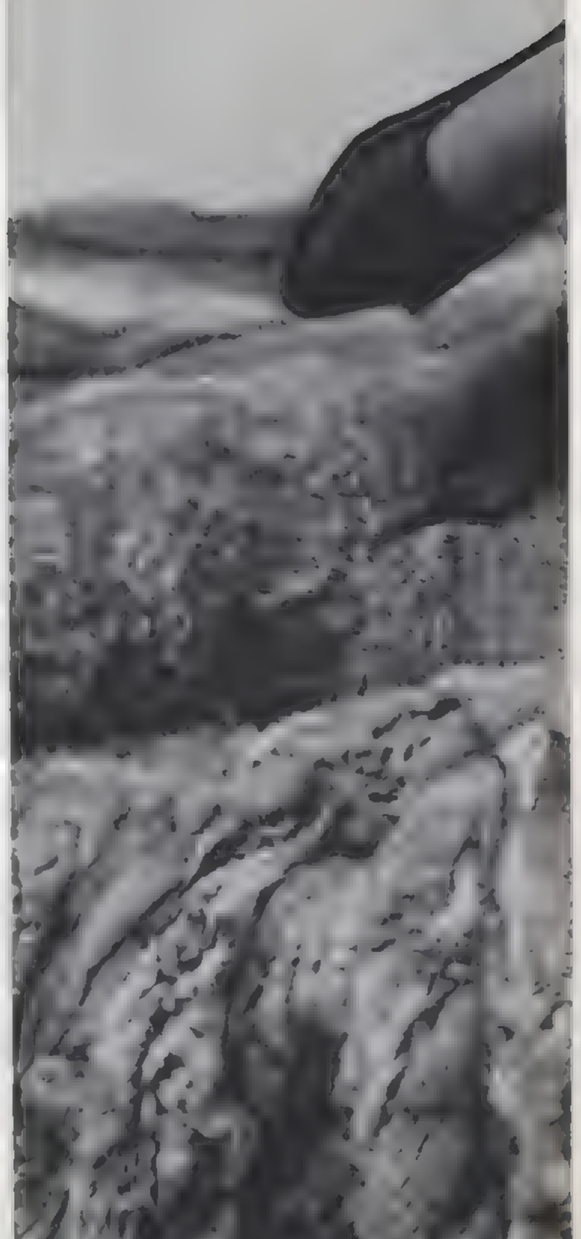




Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's spirited beauty lives on sun and air, marvellous country days spent riding, swimming, and walking with her husband, her little boy and girl. It comes across like *that:* surge of shining blond hair, lambent skin, level clear-blue gaze, a manner as disarmingly forthright as her looks. When not at her country house, she loves travelling here and there. To Saratoga, South Africa, California, France. To the theatre, wherever it may be. To Mainbocher for clothes the very measure of her life. *Above:* Mrs. Vanderbilt is photographed in Mainbocher's belted tweed theatre coat—violet-pink, and grey wool checks with a slight puff to the sleeve, a great puff to the skirt, a cut as simple as a peasant's blouse. Moving easily, just as she does, it opens with an aside on a white satin dress and lining to match. *Opposite:* The Mainbocher coat that *is* winter. Wuthering-grey bouclé wool designed to swing out marvellously against a north wind—with warm wonderful collar, ample sleeve, fleece lining deep as a drift of fur.

MAINBOCHER

HORST







Fluently expressing Mrs. Vanderbilt's slender, charged grace are the lean white crêpe dresses designed by Mainbocher. *Opposite:* Mainbocher's heavy cream silk crêpe is poured in one blinding spill of light, past the high crossed bodice, the high waist—each detail soft as a whisper and as compelling. *Right:* Another wonderfully moving instance of Mainbocher's hand at work—*blanc de Chine* crêpe motioning new width at the shoulder, again at the hem as the tunic catches the light of great evenings. The clothes worn by Mrs. Vanderbilt on these pages, to order at Mainbocher. Van Cleef & Arpels jewels. Coiffures by Pierre of the House of Revlon. Fur rugs: Georges Kaplan; John Vesey; Luten, Clarey, Stern.

MAINBOCHER



HORST

FOR THE DAZZLE SEASON—

THE DARK LUSTRE OF
SABLE AND BLACK MINK

Leading off the evening dazzle on these sixteen pages—the deep dark glow of fur: a glorious little fling of black mink, and a superb, floor-length extravaganza of sable. Black mink, worked like ermine. left: ribbon-narrow bands of black mink set horizontally, in plump little rows—the way ermine is generally handled. Delicious in a three-quarter-length coat with rounded bell-shaped sleeves, a soft round of collar—to fling over at-home pants, as here, or the most ravishing ball dress. By Revillon, of black-dyed mink. Earrings and ring by Arpad. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Neiman-Marcus. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Boots by Herbert Levine. Cape coat, sable all the way, right: a splendid fall of dark Russian sable skins. perfectly matched, and worked, for contrast, in two ways—horizontally in the hip-length cape, vertically in the floor-length coat. By Betty Yokova for Neustadter, of dark-brown natural Russian Crown sable. Earrings: Amourelle by Kramer. Both at Hattie Carnegie. Coat: I. Magnin. Coiffures by Enrico Caruso.



BERT STERN



SEVEN O'CLOCK COATS IN THE DAZZLE SEASON

Two dazzling coats for evening—short, narrow, marvellously textured in deep oyster-white fleece, dense black lace. Both by Galanos. The narrow coat in fleece, left, of the most luxurious softness and whiteness—seamed vertically to stress the length of the body, with a little mandarin collar turned high on the throat, plump patch pockets buttoned in small jewelled squares; worn here with a sable toque, biscuit suède gloves. Coat of Petillault-TSM wool. Fuchs gloves. Both at Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. The earrings by Apex Art. The hat by Galanos. Dense black lace, right, thick with ribbon—like countless dark flowers sewn together—in a perfectly tailored narrow coat, double-breasted, with a wide notched collar open over a slender halter dress of jet cut velvet and chiffon. Coat of Whelan lace, and black lace mobcap (by Galanos): Bonwit Teller. Costume, also Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN





EVENING DAZZLE—BLACK CRÊPE, ERMINE WITH BROADTAIL

The black crêpe dazzle, left: a long femme-fatale sheath with bias drapery at the neckline and narrow sleeves, that could—for all its understatement—be the most dazzling dress at the party. It could pull off the same trick at the theatre...or dinner at home. By Dorothy O'Hara. Crêpe of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon (Julius Werk fabric); about $70. At Arnold Constable; Wanamaker's, Phila.; T. A. Chapman. Arpad jewellery: Arnold Constable. The dazzle of broadtail with ermine, right—in a magnificent evening turnout. Dress and three-quarter length coat of broadtail, sleek as silk, worked in horizontal bands; the dress bares the neck and arms, falls to a slight fishtail train. The coat—dipped in back below a round neckline—has snowy ermine cuffs and lining. By and at Maximilian, of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb, white Russian ermine. Both pages: Evins shoes; Enrico Caruso coiffures.

BERT STERN





GIVENCHY: MADE IN AMERICA FOR THE DAZZLE SEASON

The double evening dazzle on these four pages: Givenchy's marvellous shapes—American in the making. Close but easy on the body with perfect little collars, waists nipped in and tied or belted, these are the bright night-lights all over the U.S.A. *Left:* Short two-piece silk brocade dress in brilliant shades of bougainvillea pink. With a collar rolled away from a front zipper, shoulders extended above a pretty curve of arm, a narrow sash clasping the waist above the slender skirt. Worn with a huge glittering pin high on the shoulder. Dress: Givenchy for Adele Simpson; about $160. Pin by Pavion-Expansion. Both at Bloomingdale's. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Himelhoch's; Bramson; I. Magnin. Evins shoes. *Right:* One-piece dress in pale tawny silk satin. Shaped like a shirtdress, with a beautifully turned collar opening to a deep V, slightly extended shoulders, easy shaping on either side of the closely tied sash. Dress: Givenchy for Adele Simpson; about $160. Earrings by Laguna. Both at Bloomingdale's. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. Coiffures, both pages: Pierre Henri.

JEAN STERN





GIVENCHY— MADE IN AMERICA FOR THE DAZZLE SEASON

More Givenchy evening lights, shining right now from coast to coast. *Left:* Pearl-white silk matelassé in two pieces. The close little bodice wraps to a bias-cut V in back, ties at the waist with a strip of the same fabric above an easy skirt released at the knee in deep box pleats. Worn with cascades of glitter at the ears, hair wrapped in shining coils. Dress: Givenchy for Adele Simpson; about $225. Earrings by Apex Art. Both at Bloomingdale's. Dress, at Hutzler's; Dayton's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Degas shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Right:* The shirtdress you step into —white wool zipped up the front with a crush of golden kidskin at the waist —all very soft, smooth as a tallow candle. Dress: Givenchy for Adele Simpson; about $185. Gloves by Viola Weinberger. Both at Bloomingdale's. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Earrings by Mimi di N at Bonwit Teller. Evins shoes. Both coiffures by Pierre Henri.



BERT STERN



FOR THE DAZZLE SEASON— PALE PINK AND CRYSTAL, A BLAZE OF MATISSE COLOURS

The pale-pink and crystal dazzle, left—a great beauty of a dress, with a marvellous moonlight-and-roses aura. White Chantilly lace, embroidered all over in a rosy shimmer of pale-pink chenille, paillettes, and crystal beads. Over a slender skirt, a scalloped hip-length tunic, caught by three bows at the back. By Sarmi. Earrings by Arpad. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Dayton's; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Coiffure by Kenneth. Lipstick, Estée Lauder's Swiss Strawberry. The dazzle of Matisse colours, sequins, jet, right: a blazing little sheath of many-coloured sequinned squares—red, blue, green, pink—swinging with tiny jet-bead droplets. Terrific on the dance floor, with blue textured stockings, bare Bristol-blue sandals. Dress by John Moore; at Henri Bendel; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Pin by Miriam Haskell. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Coiffure by Enrico Caruso. The lipstick—Roma di Notte I, by Princess Marcella Borghese.



BERT STERN





FOR THE DAZZLE SEASON: GLEAM OF GOLD, CASCADES OF PINK

The solid gold dazzle, right—molten, gleaming cloth of gold, falling from throat to ankle in a superb long dress and coat. Dress, a supple sheath cut high and straight in front—typical of Trigère's covered-up allure; in back, the neckline is low, curving. The coat, lined with chocolate-brown wool jersey, has a great swing of fullness from a yoke in back. Costume by Trigère in lamé; at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Dayton's. Vendôme earrings: Altman's. Fiorentina shoes. Coiffure: Enrico Caruso. Cascade of pleats, dazzle of pink with acid-green, far right: India-pink dinner dress with marvellous tiny knife-pleats every inch of the way. The skirt, three tiers of pleats, cascades from a high Empire waistline sashed in acid-green peau de soie. By Estévez, about $160; in Fortrel (Stein-Tex fabric). Richelieu ring. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Neiman-Marcus.

BERT STERN





THE DAZZLE AT NIGHT—PALE GREEN AND GOLD, CLASH OF CORAL AND ACID GREEN

The green-and-gold dazzle, left—a long shaft of metallic brocade in apple-green and gold, with the cool beauty of a rare piece of jade; carved on princesse lines, with close little sleeves, a tremendous bow centred high in front. Marvellous look for dinner at home, or away from home, as it's shown here—with a great muff of dark sable. Dress by Christian Dior-New York, in lamé brocade; at Bonwit Teller; Himelhoch's; Joseph Magnin. Earrings at Lilly Daché Boutique. Coiffure by Enrico Caruso. Lipstick, Dior #20. The dazzle of bright plumage, right—a glorious clash of colours straight from a tropical rain forest—where the sleek little feathered bodice would be right in its habitat. Strapless top in brilliant coral and acid-green feathers, skirt of salmon-pink slubbed silk satin, joined by a high belt of acid-green silk; there's also a huge acid-green silk stole, not shown. By Helga; at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Pink topaz and diamond ring from Cartier. Coiffure by Kenneth. More dazzle: Holiday Gold lipstick and Pastel Amber Nail Fashion, by Helena Rubinstein.

BERT STERN





BEAUTY BULLETIN

THE MOST THAT MONEY CAN BUY IN BEAUTY... A ROUND-UP OF LUXURIES THAT SPIN OFF BEAUTY

In Morocco it is known that when they dress and jewel themselves and brush their hair, Moroccan women stand over a sandalwood-burning brazier until every pore of the body, and every piece of clothing they wear, brims with the scent of sandalwood. To dance with such women, one American gentleman informs us, is heavenly beyond belief. . . . The woman visitor in some parts of North Africa is brought before dinner a tray of bracelets made of jasmine blossoms. Looping one flowery bracelet over each ear before she fastens on her earrings, the visitor—and every woman present—goes in to dinner wreathed in the scent of jasmine. . . . People on an affectionate basis with a certain famous Duchess say that to greet her with a kiss is to meet the most fragrant of faces. The likelihood is that she scents her whole face before she powders—touches forehead, temples, cheekbones, chin, with a trace of her perfume. Also noticed about her aura is that ultimate luxury: glowing good health—an effluvium of healthiness which has its own scent and radiance. . . . This is a kissing time. It sometimes seems that one greets everyone but the waiter with a kiss. To smell deliciously is hardly a luxury today; but it is one of the pleasantest things money can buy. . . .

In Rome, the gold minaudière every Roman elegante carries as her evening handbag has a glorious new fitting—an 18-karat gold wand tipped with a fine sable lipstick brush. Devised to freshen the colour of the mouth with a maximum of adorableness, the wand is dipped into a solid cake of lipstick which—latest thing—the minaudière-owner's maid has melted down from a stick of lipstick and poured into the compartment originally consigned to hold pills. . . . Principessa Annemarie Aldobrandini has a unique make-up sponge; its back is a round of gold set with turquoises and corals. . . . Marchesa Delia di Bagno owns a gold pocket gadget which, activated by a low galvanic current, provides a light massage on demand. . . . Donna Orsetta Torlonia has taken a yellow enamel cigarette holder made by the great Fabergé and turned it into an eye pencil. . . . The Duchess of Acquarone holds the hairpiece record: she owns ten. . . . In São Paulo, Brazil, Countess Beatriz Crespi keeps on her dressing table a collection of eighteenth-century marble balls which she uses as hairpiece-stands. . . . In her penthouse in Paris, Madame Marcel Boussac has a bicycle-furnished private gymnasium where her friends come to do their exercises. . . . Baronne Edmond de Rothschild's new Paris house has a sauna. . . . In the countryside beyond Paris, in the house that once belonged to Gabrielle d'Estrées, Mrs. Raymond Loewy has transformed a box in the stable into a beauty cabine with steam bath, massage table, iced shower. . . . In New York, Mrs. Wyatt Cooper, the former Gloria Vanderbilt, has long owned an authentic theatrical dressing-room mirror studded with open light bulbs; hers, however, is framed with treasured shells. . . . This is a time of never letting well enough alone. The result is not only more luxuries—but more beauties.

Mrs. Mel Ferrer owns a gigantic department-store jewel case which has been made into a make-up kit. . . . Madame Mogens Tvede has an antique nécessaire all in gold that once belonged to the Queen of Prussia, Napoleon's worst enemy; Madame Jean Gabriel Domergue has a portable pharmacy that once belonged to Marie Antoinette; Madame Guy Schoeller's Second Empire nécessaire is in perfect condition; and we wonder who now owns the nécessaire the Duke of Wellington took with him to the field—a faultlessly thorough portable institution for the needs of existence, which in his case included a leg-shaped bath for his gouty leg. . . . In India, and wherever else she travels, one shimmering Maharani always has, as a part of her travelling equipment, a gold pitcher and gold basin for her morning toilette. . . . The Gyalmo of Sikkim owns a gold-embroidered tent, progenitor of a group of gold-embroidered tents being produced by the Sikkimese for export to the U.S.A. next year. . . . In more than one private plane we could name, there is a mirrored dressing room as competently equipped as a good beauty salon, with hair dryer, steam iron, everything one could ask for a change of clothes or face or pace. . . . This is, as always, a travelling time; the largest luxury is a jet-powered nécessaire. . . . In Palm Beach, Mrs. Peter Pulitzer (Continued on next page)

The most that money can buy in beauty: the unforgettable glimpse

In life, this picture could go down in history—
the glimpse to which the mind returns;
the caught dazzle of a face in motion,
intent, unique. . . . If make-up has any mission,
this, we think, is it: to be
the heightener, the fixative of a strong
beauty impression. And for this errand,
some cosmetics are especially well equipped.
To name one: the new lipstick
called Transluminant by Charles of the Ritz.
Because it slips onto the mouth a dazzle
that can not be told on paper (it's
the chemistry of skin itself that makes
the colour live), don't judge it in the stick,
but test it as you would a perfume—
on the inner side of the wrist. Glimpsed here:
one of the six shades—in this case, "B."

GENE LAURENTS

BEAUTY BULLETIN

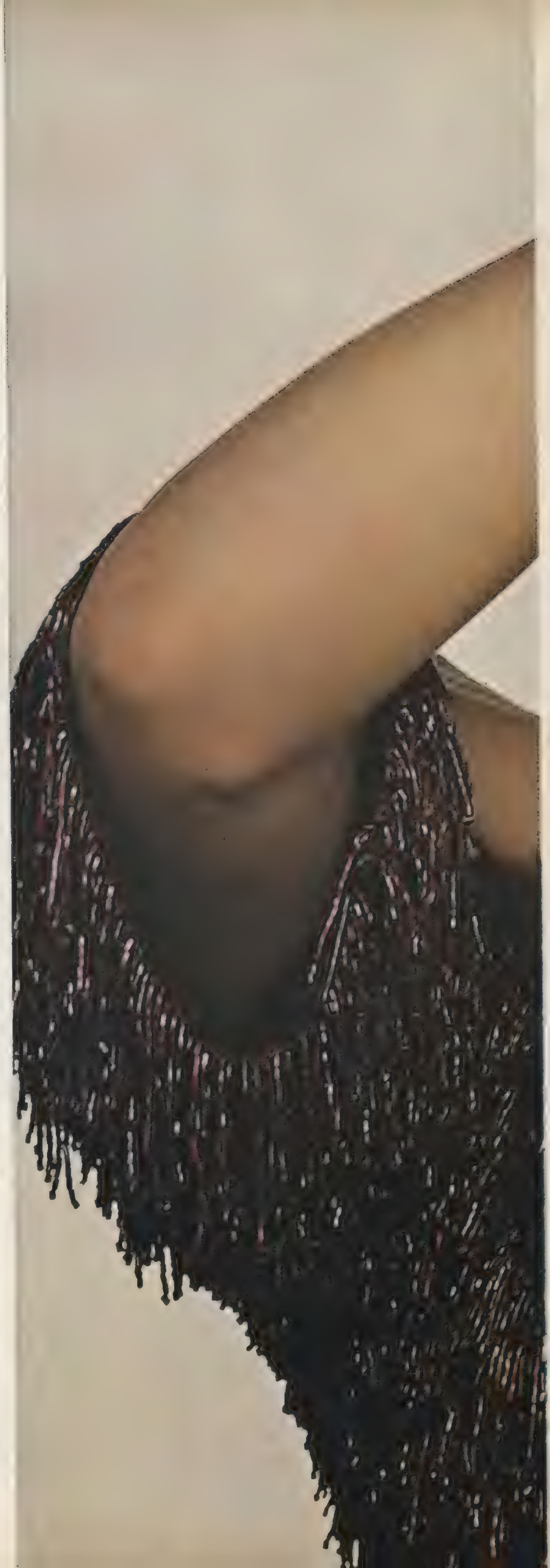
has had her marble bathtub set before a bow window opening on a jungle garden. . . . In Paris, Madame Lopez-Willshaw owns a small copper bathtub, authentically Directoire, everything miniature; Baronne Guy de Rothschild, a nineteenth-century tub of solid silver; and the tub in which Madame Pierre Le Blan bathes is golden bamboo, its high walls a barricade against drafts. . . . In Newport, the outdoors tub of Mrs. Robert Young is a glorious swimming pool in which the water is always kept at 89°, and the marble surrounding the pool is heated. . . . In both the south of France and in Palm Beach, Mrs. Ernest Kanzler has had her swimming pools outfitted with underwater-agitators that stir up the blood of anyone swimming by. . . . Not since the Romans has there been such a time of baths—some a little more luxurious than others.

In New York, there are ten women, each of whom owns a one-tenths interest in a masseuse who works for them and them alone. This wholly-owned subsidiary has made it possible for each to bikini well at an age usually well beyond bikini. . . . In Rome, in September, the beauties drop whatever they're doing and, before switching to black for winter, go to Acque Albule for the bleaching baths. . . . In Madrid, Mrs. Luis Miquel Dominguin has a daily massage with cocoanut and almond oils. . . . In Paris, among the women addicted to the mud baths for which one beauty salon has muds brought at great expense from Egypt, are: a blond princess of celebrated beauty; and another such figure whose beauty has held—flawlessly—through the bearing of a dozen children. . . . In the United States, the spa idea is springing up everywhere; probably the most-lasting prize the client carries off—in exchange for roughly $500 a week—is an all-over skin that looks as though it had come from a creamery. . . . This is a time of more and more nakedness. A former luxury is beginning to look rather much like a necessity.

From every side it is suggested that the greatest luxury is fresh air; fresh air at the right place, the right season. . . . In summer, air on the sea, from the mountains; in the autumn, air on the moors, in the Virginia woods, in the Carolinas; in winter, the soft Caribbean air, the cleansing ski-country air. We agree that fresh air makes people shine; that it is the *storage* of fresh air that allows those maddening indestructibles to arrive at lunch with eyes sparkling after a long night that would kill anyone else. . . . But among luxuries, we are taken most of all by the luxury Countess Romanones (Countess Quintanilla of Madrid) considers her most priceless possession: an almost exact double who stands in for her at fittings. . . . Meanwhile: This is a time when, to take advantage of the beauty luxuries available, one almost has to be twins.

The most that money can buy:
a jewel plunder

Rings, bracelets, necklaces, worn here the Indian way—a mounting triumph of colour and brilliance in which each glorious stone is offset by another more glorious stone, and each of these by still another glory. The entire plunder, from Van Cleef & Arpels. Dress, a rainfall of bugle beads and brocade, by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. The slick of colour worn on the mouth is "C," one of the six new shades of Transluminant lipstick by Charles of the Ritz: unmissable, mobile dazzle.



BERT STERN





Gold—as in the deep, steeped-in-yellow flash of marigolds—a vivid shade of satin for the prettiest shape of evening slipper, below. Planed toe with a peaky knot of the same fabric, die-straight sides; small, narrow square-cut heel. Dazzling here with black stockings of delicate chain-lace (and, one senses, a black lace dress). Shoes by Herbert Levine; about $50 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Stockings by Phoenix.

To speak, alone and brilliantly, to a marvellous suit: the enamelled parrot at left—bright blue and green, feather-edged in gold, with pale pavé peridots spilling over the head. The eye, a ruby; the perch, a knotted bow of gold. Pin by Schlumberger, shown here larger than life; the actual overall length is four-and-a-half inches. At Tiffany.



BERT STERN



THE PHENOMENON OF "LES PARAPLUIES DE CHERBOURG"

Critics in Paris were moved to tears by this movie which will open soon in New York. It won the Grand Prix du Festival at Cannes and the Louis Delluc Award. President de Gaulle took it to South America. Here, three writers explore its sorcery.

"French to the last millimetre of celluloid . . . a feast for the senses. . . . I will never see rain with the same eyes again."

BY VIRGINIA COWLES

Everyone knows that General de Gaulle is not the sort of man to miss the chance of showing the New World that the genius of his countrymen burns as bright and true as ever. Therefore it is not surprising that he took *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* with him on his goodwill tour of South America.

Are the French critics right in describing the film as nothing less than magic? For my part the answer is yes; but I admit I saw it under the most favourable circumstances, which included knowing almost nothing about it. A touching story of first love; sung not spoken; *très très jolie.* That was all.

I saw it in Paris with my fifteen-year-old daughter. The first shot of *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg,* taken at night, high up and looking down in a vertical drop, showed the prettiest rain I have ever seen. It splayed beneath our eyes into a volley of silver arrows. Far below, the cobblestones of Cherbourg glistened under the street lamps and the multicoloured umbrellas nodded like flowers.

From that moment on we lived in a world of enchantment. Some scenes were like French Im- (Continued on page 214)

"Demy's characters search for the absolute, only love passionately."

BY FRANÇOIS-RÉGIS BASTIDE

Jacques Demy who directed *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* is thirty-three years old. He doesn't look like a young director, rather like a young painter, more precisely like the young Renoir. He doesn't have tumultuous love affairs, nor a sports car, nor that bent look that whiskey, aesthetical theories, or politics give you. And he doesn't have that contempt for all the things that he doesn't have.

He has a wife who is a movie director, Agnès Varda (*Cléo de 5 à 7*), and children. The films of Agnès and the films of Jacques intercross each other, meet and respond to each other like the touches on the same painting with different colours. When they talk, they talk together about two things at the same time and answer each other on each one of the two subjects—something that, if you know how to calculate, makes a fugue of eight voices (a rather rare fugue, even by Bach), but not tiresome. She laughs more than he does.

He has a muted, shy voice; his smile, ready to appear and then to disappear quickly like a clown's. He finishes all his phrases, even those he began fifteen minutes before. He wears salmon-pink or canary-yellow shirts, suits of straw-coloured or almond-green (Continued on page 216)

"Les Parapluies de Cherbourg *is the utmost in daring, the real cry, the guaranteed paradox."*

BY FRANÇOIS NOURISSIER

For a young French movie-maker, an untravelled road is very rare. Given that a certain American perfection can not be equalled, that a certain Italian truth is not our style, that lyricism belongs to Visconti, metaphysics to Fellini, absurdity to Antonioni, the pleasures of life to James Bond, cruelty to Buñuel, and ageless poetry to the Japanese, the road of "intelligent" cinema seems to be closed. Roger Vadim has shattered taboos, morals, wives, and concepts of publicity. Truffaut *(Jules et Jim)* uses grey tones to paint the strange universe he invented for himself. Finally, Godard (*À Bout de Souffle, Le Mépris*), at thirty-three, is a "sacred monster" among the most sacred, ever fleeing, unpredictable. . . . So, what to do?

Jacques Demy, who is neither a monster nor an intellectual, nor a false naïf, but a man with a muffled voice and a true artlessness, has chosen the height of provocation—simplicity. For the French taste of 1964, sodden with amateur music, with pedantic cinema, with feverish painting, with a systematically icy literature—*Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* proves that the contrary of pretentiousness is not necessarily conventionalism. This frail composition of adolescence and gravity we call here by a small word apt to disgust the snobs: poetry. (Continued on page 217)

Catherine Deneuve, who has a mad young freshness combined with a touch of world weariness, and Nino Castelnuovo, who has an equally young mad freshness combined with a bold sullenness, are, left, *the throb of* Les Parapluies de Cherbourg, *directed by young Jacques Demy.*

THE GENIUS HERO OF THE NEW MOVIE "THE FINEST HOURS"

The incomparable Sir Winston Churchill infuses this compelling documentary of his life—*The Finest Hours*—with passion, comedy, and the extraordinary lucidity and lustre of his words. Based on his memoirs from *The Second World War*, the film is more than a document of four wars, more than a history of Churchill's life. It is. above all, an emotion about one man. (The photograph here shows him at one of the low points of his valiant career—a grim but resolute civilian for a short time during the First World War. He had just been removed as First Lord of the Admiralty, an office he was to regain in 1939, but had not yet gone to France in 1916 as a Lieutenant Colonel, commanding the 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers.) Produced superbly by Jack Le Vien, the movie darts back to Churchill's birth on a brass bed in tawny Blenheim Palace, takes him almost to his ninetieth birthday this month. At the heart of this movie lies Churchill's return to power first as First Lord of the Admiralty on May 3, 1939, when he was sixty-four years old, and then on May 11, 1940 as Prime Minister. Fifteen days later he ordered the retreat from Dunkirk. To chancellors, generals, government ministers, admirals, he flung out a never ending series of memoranda which began "Prime Minister to . . .," reminding the recipients to get more tanks, not to irritate the people with small annoyances, to keep heart. He amused President Roosevelt in 1943 at the Casablanca Conference by advising: "You can not come all this way to North Africa without seeing Marrakech, 'The Paris of the Sahara,' with fortune tellers, snake charmers, masses of food and drink, and on the whole the largest and most elaborately organized brothels in the African continent." For five years the world heard the beat of his richly clanging, subtly cadenced voice repeating these words: "in all recorded history," "monstrous," "resolution," "justice, peace," and "guttersnipe . . . pillage . . . grisly gang," and, finally, "victory."

CHURCHILL





SKIING— AT THE TOP

Beginning here, six pages of life at the top and the clothes that make it click...whether you're nine thousand feet up on the peak of Sun Valley's Baldy Mountain—where these pages were photographed—or sitting on a bright sun deck. *Above:* Close as a fencer's jacket, a high-necked black parka with tubular quilting covering the front, a side zip closing. Particularly dashing worn with everything black—leather hood, lean stretch pants, even boots and gloves. Parka of Antron nylon, Dacron-filled; about $36. Pants of Anglo "Anglastique" wool and Du Pont nylon; about $30. Both by McGregor. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; J.L. Brandeis. Gloves by Hansen, at Stern's. Hood by Emme.

Below: Black-and-white stripes whizzing diagonally across a wool sweater that's shaped like a racer's jacket—long and lean through the hips, with a vertical stripe running over each shoulder and down the sides. It's poised for action, here, on top of Baldy and worn with lean black stretch pants. Sweater by Pius Wieler, about $35. Pants by Ernst Engel of wool and stretch nylon. About $45. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Sig Buchmayr gloves.

PETER BEARD



PETER BEARD

SKIING—LIFE AT THE TOP

Left: White polka dots on a black silk parka — roomy as a cocoon—with deep dolman sleeves, easy fullness from the hood to the hips. Plenty of room for extra sweaters here.Worn with black stretch pants, fox mittens. Parka by Leo Narducci for Gotham Originals. Of Onondaga silk. About $55. At Henri Bendel; Carson Pirie Scott; Bullock's-Wilshire. Ritter Bros. mittens. Lugene sunglasses. Henke boots: Scandinavian Ski Shop. *Right:* Like bright stained glass, a printed cotton velvet parka that blazes with colour over black stretch pants. By Emilio Pucci for White Stag. About $85. Pants of wool and Helanca nylon. By White Stag. About $40. Both at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; May-D & F. Sig Buchmayr gloves. Adolfo cap. The facial glow here is nurtured with Antoine's Bain de Soleil in a new small tube made especially to fit in skiers' pockets.

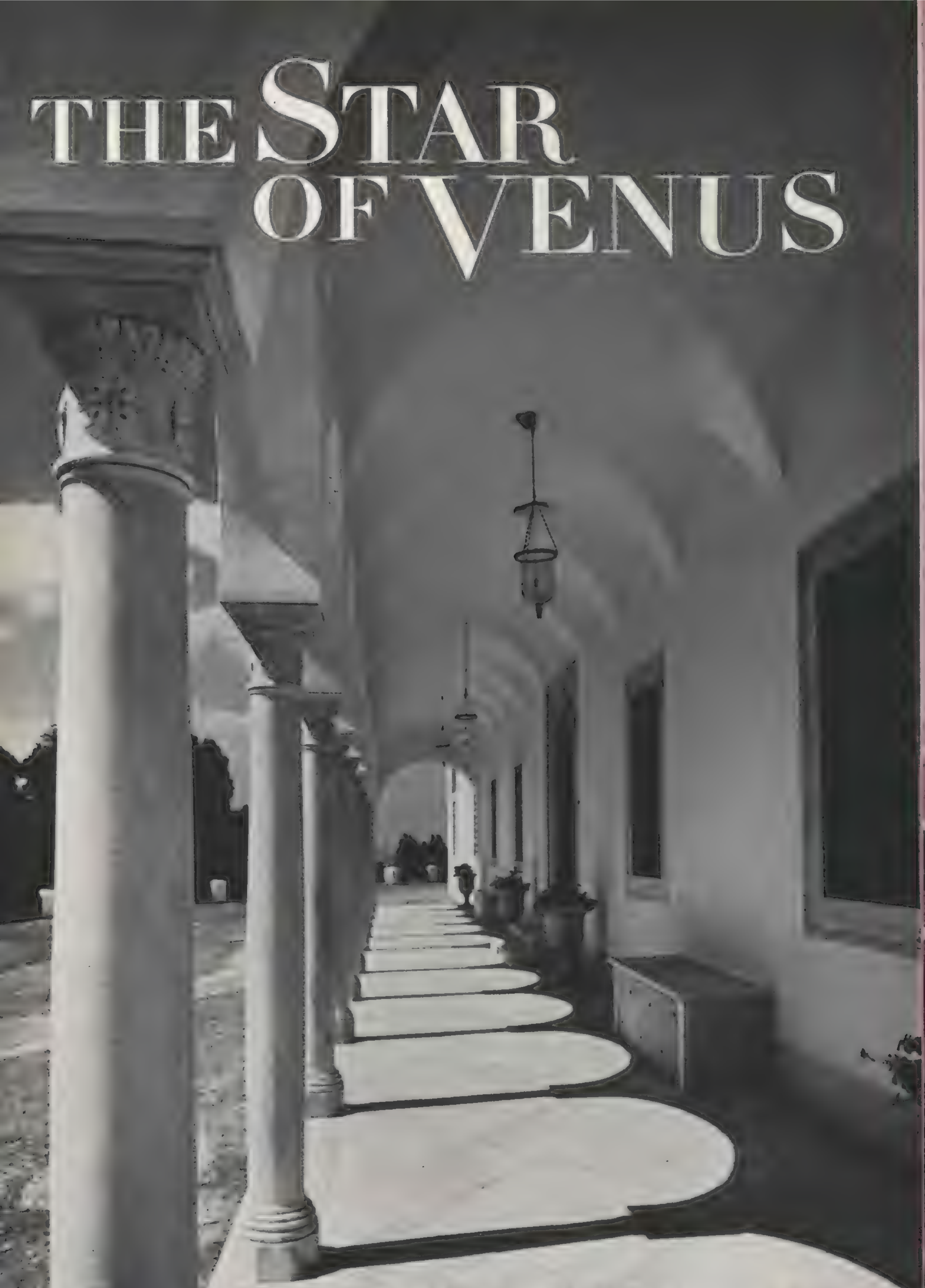


SKIING—LIFE AT THE TOP

Above: The poncho for deep-powder country—a mass of shaggy clear-pink fake fur to warm a nippy chair-lift or to slip into at the end of the day on your way back to The Lodge—Sun Valley's own lift coats were the cosy inspiration here. Worn with narrow pink stretch pants. Poncho of Dynel (Glenoit fabric) about $80. Pants of Anglo "Anglastique" wool and Du Pont nylon. About $30. Both by McGregor. Altman's; Halle Bros. Henke boots at Scandinavian Ski Shop. Lugene sunglasses. *Opposite:* Stretch of winter-sky blue, in a gaggle of furry samoyeds. The parka has a little stand-up collar, drops straight from there to well over the hips. Worn over stretch pants in the same pale blue. Both by McGregor. Of Anglo "Anglastique" wool and Du Pont nylon. About $80. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle Bros. Lilly Daché fluffy lynx hood. Fox mittens by Ritter Bros. PETER BEARD



THE STAR OF VENUS



THE HOUSE, ARABIC, ROMANTIC, MAGIC, OWNED IN TUNISIA BY EDWINA AND LEO D'ERLANGER

"Star of Venus," Nejma Ezzohra, stands near the small village of Sidi-bou-Saïd, with Carthage and distant Tunis on its sight line. As beautiful as passionate ownership could make it, this house, photographed here and on the following pages, has the authority of the best and most authentic Arabic, Moorish, and Tunisian arts, the grandeur of the assured personal direction of its designer, Baron Rodolphe d'Erlanger (father of the present owner) who moved far beyond building rules. *Above:* The cool Eastern arcade over the main entrance. *Opposite:* Peopled here by a photographer's trick with half-visible servants, the glorious patio, the *clou* of the house, has a fountain, a narrow air-cooling canal, or *rigole*, marble columns capped by a surrounding intricate plaster frieze, high galleries—all in the classic Arabic manner.





THE D'ERLANGER HOUSE IN TUNISIA

The scene is that "sweetmeat Oriental world" which the West likes to imagine peopled with houris and jinn, a setting for the revels of Rimski-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*. Moorish arches, alabaster fountains, cushion-piled divans, and ornate ceilings—gilded arabesques which were a tradition to beguile the harem lolling their lives away behind the half-light of the fretted moucharabies.

In this voluptuous setting, where we expect scimitars to flash and Vathek to hold court, we find a most improbable domestic scene—a family dinner table—that of Leo d'Erlanger and his wife, Edwina. With their son and daughter, Rodolphe and Tess, they are dining surrounded by a large party of houseguests, friends from Tunis, and an international peppering of the Corps Diplomatique *en poste* there. For this is Sidi-bou-Saïd, and the d'Erlanger family are in their much-loved Tunisian house there, the legendary Nejma Ezzohra, "Star of Venus"—one of the fabled houses of the world, celebrated throughout North Africa and far (Continued page 200)

Above: *Mr. Leo d'Erlanger; and a view from Sidi-bou-Saïd of Nejma Ezzohra, its main-entrance colonnade.* Opposite: *Mrs. d'Erlanger in her sitting-room, with its glorious, gilded ceiling painted with verses from the Koran, mother-of-pearl cabinets, Louis XVI chairs. The sixteenth-century lacquer cabinet near door probably came from Macao by way of Barbary pirates.*

NORMAN PARKINSON



THE D'ERLANGER HOUSE IN TUNISIA

1. Two mother-of-pearl bridal, or jewel, chests, probably eighteenth-century Turkish, but found throughout North Africa and the Near East. 2. In the gold bedroom, an intricate and magnificent traditional Tunisian bed, an Anatolian rug on the wall, pearl-inlaid furniture. 3. Colonnade over the main entrance. 4. Pattern of light through a moucharaby, or window screened in blue-painted wood. 5. Mme. Alain Bertrand, wearing a Tunisian embroidered shift, with her brother, Rodolphe d'Erlanger, wearing a traditional djebba. On a Persian rug stands a table with pitcher, and basin—all three of silver. 6. In the library, carved and gilded sandlewood protecting rare Oriental manuscripts. (The birdcage stands on a chest that once belonged to Suleiman the Magnificent.)

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NORMAN PARKINSON

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THE D'ERLANGER HOUSE IN TUNISIA

(Continued from page 196) beyond, built fifty years ago by the present owner's father, Rodolphe, the great *arabisant* and musicologist.

The dinner table, a long block of yellow marble from the quarries of Shemtu across the bay, is as legendary as most things here. It was discovered in a cave where it had lain, untouched, through all the centuries since it had been ordered for some Roman proconsul, whose name and address in Rome were still marked on it, ready for dispatch. Beside it, the tools of the workmen who had fled as the Vandal hordes swept down on Tunis.

At this table, conversation of the moment turns on a chocolate cake mix sent up that afternoon by the wife of the American Ambassador. But then, in general, talk ranges wildly, for here guests converge from all over the world. For three generations of d'Erlangers, Nejma Ezzohra has been the house to which they return joyously from wherever their widespread interests and international ties take them. This is the meeting-place where they welcome their friends and share with them this unique heritage, its treasures, its gardens, its incomparable setting, and that particular radiance which is Tunisia.

Now, the virtues of chocolate cake mix being exhausted, the talk turns to China; newcomers from Peking are discussing a visit to the Dalai Lama made by another guest, lately from India; politics; Balenciaga's collection; Rhodesian farming; the Tunisian National Theatre's admirable new production of *Othello;* a rugged journey Mrs. d'Erlanger made across the Sahara in 1938; or *le jazz hot* propounded by Rodolphe, just down from Eton where he played drums in a highly professional combo known as The College Boys. So the talk goes.

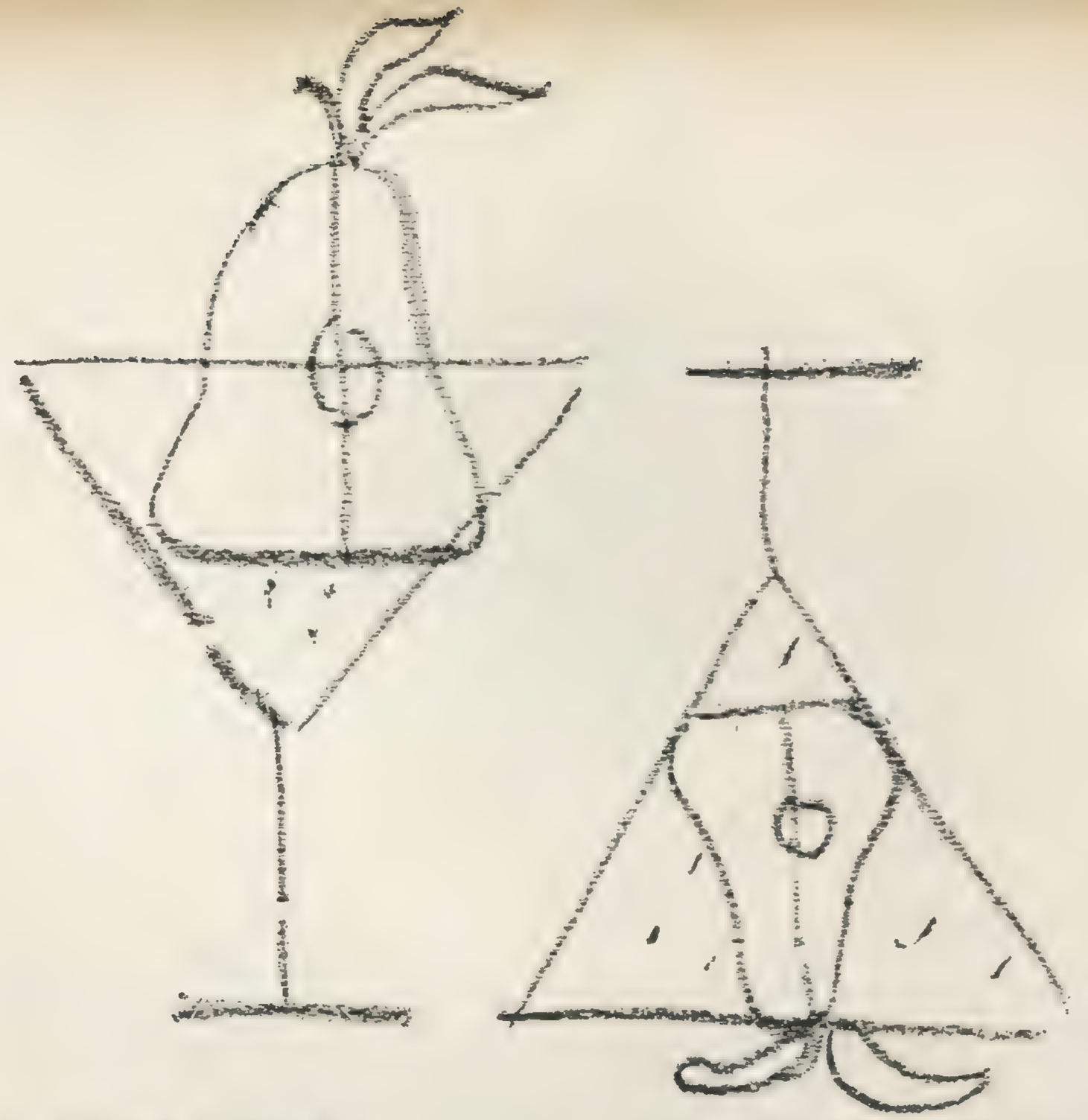
English is the *lingua franca* here, but clothes are carried to national extremes which is quite in the tradition of the house. Its founder, (Continued on page 203)

1. Mrs. d'Erlanger, wearing a gold-embroidered Tunisian djebba, sitting on a rug-covered divan under one of the Moorish stucco arches in the grand patio. 2. Open patio, set for dinner. 3. Mme. Alain Bertrand in beach dress of Greek cloth. The blue door, nail-studded, is peculiarly Tunisian. 4. The little white tea house. In niche: an old, coloured-glass Tunisian lantern. 5. A moucharaby, an elaborately fret-screened window invariably painted blue. 6. Cedar-wood cupboard with Venetian glass. 7. The musicians' gallery, superbly carved and gilded. 8. The Persian garden. 9. Alabaster fountain, floating flowers, in grand patio.

NORMAN PARKINSON


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VOGUE'S OWN MENU



A LITTLE DINNER FOR FOUR FRIENDS

CLEAR TOMATO BROTH
Homemade Melba toast

BLAZED CHICKEN*
White rice
Artichoke bottoms stuffed with creamed spinach

PEARS IN CHAMPAGNE*

THE DRINK:
THE REST OF THE CHAMPAGNE

Do your eyes narrow at the mention of one more chicken? Relax then, for here is a bird you have never had before: it was the inspiration of the late Lord Westbury, one of the great eaters of Rome, and it is wonderful.

Behind the slightly rococo façade of this menu there sits a hidden virtue: lightness. The dinner is light enough to allow conversation.

Surely you have friends who still converse, and don't just talk?

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

BLAZED CHICKEN

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

1 three-pound chicken, cleaned
½ pound sweet butter
1 wineglass brandy
1 wineglass port
1½ cups heavy cream
1 tablespoon flour
Salt and pepper

Butter a baking dish and put the remainder of the butter inside the chicken. Bake in a 350° oven, turning the bird first on one side and then on the other. Baste frequently.

At the end of 35 minutes, pour the brandy over the chicken, light it and when the blaze is burning brightly, extinguish it with the glass of port. Finish baking the chicken—about an hour, or a little more, in all.

Remove the chicken, put baking dish over medium flame on top of the stove, stir in the tablespoon of flour, cook for a minute or so, then add the cream—which you had better have heated and ready.

Stir for just a moment and pour over the carved chicken.

THE SNAPPER: The fire extinguisher of port.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

PEARS IN CHAMPAGNE

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

4 ripe pears
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
1 quart lemon ice
Champagne

Halve, peel, and core the pears. Make a syrup of the sugar and water and poach the pears in it for 5 or 6 minutes. Remove, drain, and chill.

Make a sightly mound of the lemon ice, lay the cold pears against it, and pour over all a glass of champagne.

THE SNAPPER: The spurt of champagne.

D'ERLANGER

(Continued from page 200)

the Baron Rodolphe, affected Egyptian or Tunisian robes and a chéchia at home, although outside he clung to markedly shabby European clothes, darned scarf and battered suits, costumes apt to mystify his splendour-loving Oriental friends. The Baron was rich enough to afford the extreme luxury of simplicity. But at Nejma Ezzohra he was feasting on the Arabic arts—sustenance of his heart.

Now, looking down the long marble dinner table, set under the lace-like Moorish arches, I see my hostess, his daughter-in-law, Edwina d'Erlanger, in a beautiful Tunisian djebba, rose-red, gold-embroidered, and worn with the same unselfconscious elegance with which she wears an off-the-peg cotton, or something from Grès. Some of the men wear the simpler white linen djebbas. Tess's fine-boned beauty is set off by an embroidered cotton shift, made for her in the souks. With her narrow bare feet and enormous blue eyes rimmed sootily with kohl, Arab *maquillage* and defense against the burning sunlight, she expresses her own very personal sense of elegance. Now Madame Alain Bertrand, she lives in London—soon will be bringing her baby to Nejma Ezzohra to tumble about the inlaid marble floors and feed the celebrated strain of white peacocks, originally presented by King Fuad of Egypt.

For Tess, Nejma Ezzohra has been an atavistic passion, a legacy from her grandfather, the Baron Rodolphe. Her brother Rodolphe has this same deep sense of involvement, remarkable, perhaps, in this younger generation who have spent so much less time there than their parents. But Nejma Ezzohra, they say, has always seemed around them, a living legend that dominated their London nursery, and now Rodolphe is about to enter Harvard—to study Arabic.

Around the table, I see further excursions into the exotic. Someone in a Moroccan burnoose, someone in Turkish trousers, more djebbas, a Syrian robe, then a T-shirt, a white dinner jacket, and, on one beautiful woman, a wide necklace of jasmine, in the Tunisian fashion.

As host, wearing a sober linen jacket himself, is Leo d'Erlanger, whose diffident, rather dreamy manner and fine-boned build belie a robust sense of humour and the kind of precise thinking international bankers of his calibre must possess. He has lately returned from London, from discussions on an Anglo-French project particularly dear to his heart—the Dover-Calais Channel Tunnel, something first proposed by his grandfather, the Baron Emile d'Erlanger, and now, at last, likely to be realized.

Mr. d'Erlanger stems from one of those puissant, early nineteenth-century German-Jewish merchant-banking dynasties, but with a French-born father and a Roman mother, holds British nationality and has lived a thoroughly English pattern—Eton, Sandhurst, the Brigade of Guards, and a house in Upper Grosvenor Street—before dividing his chief interests between banking and the agricultural developments he envisaged and set about achieving in Tunisia. He planned to establish the world supremacy of Tunisian oils, almond and olive, and when he speaks of olive trees, it is with that almost mystic veneration which this tree is accorded in classic and mythological lore.

Towards Kairouan, in the last foothills of the Atlas Mountains, on land never tilled since the Roman occupation, he planted olive and almond trees and watched them flourish. But today, because of the Tunisian government's policy of nationalizing all foreign-held arable land, this enterprise is no longer under his care.

Leo d'Erlanger grew up with Nejma Ezzohra, and scarcely recalls his first sight of it, but he remembers many of the workmen and their families by name, particularly Mokhtar, his little Negro companion, who came from the south, to be his playmate and to teach him Arabic. He recalls his parents' relief when they succeeded in getting the lovely village of Sidi-bou-

(Continued on page 204)



NESCO GOURMET ROTISSERIE OVEN

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Give her L'Aimant before someone else does . . .

L'AIMANT spray mist by COTY

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D'ERLANGER

(Continued from page 203)

Saïd classified as a *monument historique*, thus securing it from speculators or vandalism. He recalls how the stream of craftsmen and builders gradually thinned, to be replaced, in 1921, when the house was, nominally, completed, by further streams of marvelling visitors.

Signatures in the visitors' book read impressively, and are interspersed with many in graceful Arabic calligraphy: Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother; Bourbons, European politicians, and famous American generals; signatures ranging, by way of musicologists and savants from Eastern and Western worlds, to the aristocracy of letters—Berenson, Duhamel, Gide, the Sitwells. . . . Among the signatures, one of extreme significance: *June, 1928, Edwina Pru.*

Now. at the far end of the dinner table sits this châtelaine, American-born Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, who, as Edwina Pru, was always a legend of loveliness in her own right, so that she and the house could be said to complement each other. Her fragile, pink and white and gold looks are inevitably likened to Dresden or Tanagra . . . but beneath this façade she is witty, energetic, and eminently practical. Such qualities were needed at Nejma Ezzohra when she and her husband succeeded to the property.

During World War II, German troops occupied the house, in spite of the then widowed Baroness Rodolphe's presence there (for, ironically, she had been hurried out of Europe by her family, to escape the bombing). But the Nazis looted ruthlessly. They ate the tame gazelles and shot most of the white peacocks, while the Baroness watched helplessly, immured in a small pavilion. Later, she was in part consoled, when Nejma Ezzohra changed hands, becoming headquarters for a section of the American army then fighting in North Africa. The various commanders and their staffs appreciated its unique quality and tried to restore something of its former order.

But great damage, great loss had been caused by the Nazis. Former princely standards have necessarily been adapted to suit a changed world; the staff reduced, the whole pattern simplified; and the celebrated concerts of Arabic music sound no more from the musicians' gallery. . . .

But no concessions are made where upkeep of the gardens and the house is concerned. Nor are some of the many endowments and benefits begun in so patriarchal a fashion by the Baron Rodolphe and his wife allowed to lapse. Among these was a school for a hundred Tunisian girls, who, taught by the nuns, revived the exquisite local embroideries. The girls were paid for their work, which was then marketed, and on marriage, each one received a dowry.

No religious instruction of any kind was ever given, for proselytizing one way or the other was not the d'Erlangers' way. But to help develop Tunisia's own resources was always their principle and their practice.

I have watched Edwina d'Erlanger at work, for work it is, to be châtelaine here. She organizes: restoring a roof, rebuilding a garden pavilion; planting a hedge of white oleander, contriving a porters' lodge, cool in summer, warm in winter, for the watchmen; or searching, often vainly, for the wonderful carpets collected by her father-in-law.

Some carpets were so rare they were never used, but unrolled from time to time, to be contemplated, voluptuously, like the works of art they were. Many of these have vanished since the German occupation. But so many other treasures are left, and seeing how lovingly they are cared for, how Nejma Ezzohra blooms, I am reminded of Ruskin's dictum: "The ideal woman does not gather roses in her path through life—she makes them grow." Edwina d'Erlanger has that grace: all around her she makes things grow—houses, gardens, friendships.

True to Arabic tenets, this house reveals little of its loveliness from without. Its white walls, sparsely broken by the blue moucharabies and the nail-studded doors of Tunisian tradition, tell nothing of the sumptuous and subtle beauties within,

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SKIRT SAVER* slip keeps skirts smooth, unwrinkled



If you do much sitting at a desk, or even through P.T.A. meetings, you undoubtedly have your share of slim skirt problems. Knit skirts bag; other skirts wrinkle. Now you can change all that with Skirt Saver*—a patented twin-fabric pettislip with a front panel of nylon tricot, which won't ride up, and won't cling; a back panel of non-stretching nylon or acetate taffeta which guards against sitting or wrinkling. White, black, beige. Full and half-slip versions, $3.95—$10.00. In the lingerie department of all branches of stores listed below or write Beverly Vogue, Dept. V-2, 1115 So. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, California, for illustrated brochure and name of store nearest you.
All laces are BAN-LON.

HUDSON'S, Detroit; NEUSTETTER'S, Denver; DIAMOND'S, Phoenix; FROST BROS., San Antonio; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles.

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BEVERLY VOGUE California



so that it could be compared to those veiled Eastern women who remain mysterious, their charms surmised, rather than divulged.

As legends, or great houses go, Nejma Ezzohra is strangely young, for it was only begun in 1912, when the Baron Rodolphe d'Erlanger, like Kubla Khan, "a stately pleasure-dome decreed," at Cap Carthage, where Dido wept, Hamilcar fought, St. Louis died, and history was formed. Here, the taste of a great collector and artist, and the knowledge of a celebrated *arabisant*, fortified by a princely fortune, adorned this house so that by amassing and selecting all that was finest in Arabic arts, and by reviving the dying crafts and forgotten skills of Tunisian tradition, Nejma Ezzohra arose, to become a legend while still in the building.

No architect was ever employed here. Working only with a master-builder, the Baron Rodolphe designed his house around him, day by day, room by room, for nearly ten years. From its four-room, three-treed origin, jinni-like, he conjured patios, hanging gardens, vistas.

Thus launched on a flood-tide of emotion and enthusiasm, the Baron made his house to reveal endless, unexpected aspects of beauty, as he himself discovered them. As his knowledge and passion for Arabic music grew, he acquired and trained musicians among his workmen and household staff. Therefore, a musicians' gallery rose above the grand patio, and from there, every evening, sounded classical Arab harmonies, some dating from the courts of the Pharaohs.

It is perhaps the quality of spontaneity, of casual inspiration which gives Nejma Ezzohra its unique flavour. Nothing is self-conscious. A few splendid European pieces—family heirlooms—merge harmoniously with the Oriental, but there is no rigidity, no set colour schemes, save in bedrooms where traditional Tunisian blue and white prevail.

Elsewhere, the muted tones of old rugs and embroideries predominate. Everywhere, iridescent light—African sunlight spangling through the moucharabies, or through the traditional lace-like stonework (*nakshadida*), behind which is set coloured glass, glowing, reflecting, an ever-shifting palette. Indeed, the whole house has this quality of movement; it seems to keep one moving with it, as if watching the changing moods of a lovely face, intriguing, promising, rewarding. . . .

Turning inwards, Nejma Ezzohra reveals endless delights: a narrow waterway cools perspectives of lilac, rose, or golden marbles. Ceremonial, silver-embroidered saddles are beside Suleiman the Magnificent's strongbox, found, like much of the shimmering pearl-inlaid furniture, in Constantinople. Often, the house tricks you with its ceilings; some are arched in lace-like stonework; others open onto the sky, while others achieve the quintessence of Oriental ornamentation, painted, and twined with verses of the Koran. In Mrs. d'Erlanger's room, twenty thousand fragments of carved and gilded wood shimmer above an alcoved divan, last example of that lost art known as *nid d'abeilles*.

The house has many superstitions, rituals, legends, and, I imagine, phantoms, too. On such a site, how otherwise? Below some passages linking two sections of the house, the vestiges of a Christian crypt were discovered. All building here, whether a flight of steps, or an enfilade of pillars, is deliberately asymmetric—Arabic belief, to bring good luck. Byzantine, Punic, Roman, Berber, the phantoms crowd around . . . and those of the Barbary pirates, too, riding at anchor in the bay, below. (The splendid red-and-gold lacquered writing desk in Mrs. d'Erlanger's room is said to have been brought from Macao, and seized by the pirates, en route.)

Rituals in this house include the burning of a special kind of incense, *oud oushak*, held to avert the Evil Eye. At dusk, one of the servants, wearing the white seroual and red chéchia of tradition is to be seen, swinging a glowing brazier—its pungent aroma sometimes encountering a counterpoint of Diorissimo, as Edwina d'Erlanger appears. Loveliest of all, the ritual of the

(Continued on page 206)



DESIGNER NECKWEAR COLLECTION

BY

Helen Liebert

exclusive neckwear. . .

men's toiletries. . .

Helen Liebert, Empire State Building, New York

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Secret Fulfillment Plunge

GIVES A THIRD DIMENSION

Fashion today says—
be proud, show alluring
curves above the bra!
Achieve a third dimension!
Precisely this is what
Secret Fulfillment Plunge
does in a gentle but persuasive way for the average and even sub-average bosoms.
Its secret?
Removable push-up pads
underscored with arch-shaped wires that lift,
support and separate;
all to make the very, very most of what you have.
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of BAN-LON lace.
Shown: LOW BACK, wide off-shoulder straps; in A cup, 32-36; in B and C cups, 32-38; white and black, $6.95.
In long-line and corselet.

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D'ERLANGER

(Continued from page 205)

jasmine bouquets: each evening, one is placed in each guest's hand—the flowers are mounted on pine needles, and open, like the spokes of a tiny umbrella, intoxicatingly sweet, plaything of an hour. all the indolent grace of traditional Tunisia in its charm.

Menus, too, obtain a certain ritualistic quality, being a blend of French and Arabic; light, simplified meals, to suit the heat and save the staff, have been devised by the hostess, aided by Madame Louise, her Italian-born housekeeper. Madame Louise makes frequent dawn sorties into the Tunis markets, and according to her findings, menus are composed on the spot.

Kina is the apéritif of the house, a white wine dashed with quinine, a concoction made famous by a nearby monastery. Mint tea and almond milk are other local brews. *Brique*, a Tunisian speciality, a stuffed puff pastry, often begins the meal; or yoghurt soup, or an iced tomato soup well laced with orange juice and wreathed with verbena leaves.

Whatever the dish, the Tunisian chef likes to exercise his aesthetic sense; fish is likely to be surrounded by chunks of cucumber hollowed out to hold little bouquets; sherbet-filled melons are starred with jasmine. . . . Jasmine: it runs like a *leitmotiv* through Tunisia, in the countryside, the souks and the cities—worn, savoured by the whole population.

* * *

Patterns of destiny are as intricate as any arabesque; and, often, appear to follow no known rule. The first young Rodolphe d'Erlanger's destiny revealed itself casually, when, a fragile boy of sixteen, he was sent to Tunis to escape the rigour of a Paris winter.

It was a *coup de foudre;* love of a land, and a people, on sight. Lifelong tastes and friendships were founded then. He began to master Arabic, both the classical, and the language of the people; he travelled about the countryside in company with the Arab family to whom he had been confided. He haunted the souks and began to paint—the better to assimilate the scene he loved, yet which was so remote from his own background.

The d'Erlangers sprang into prominence in the nineteenth century as bankers. They flourished, were ennobled as Von Erlanger and, by way of an improbable Lutheran marriage, became devout Catholics in the Paris of Napoleon III, living stylishly and marrying far afield into the Creole families of New Orleans, allied now to the Deslandes, the Confederate General Beauregard, and Senator John Slidell. Baron Emile's sons by Mathilde Deslandes—Rodolphe was the youngest—were educated in England and took British nationality.

Emile's sons returned to Paris to become financiers. and also, to express themselves through the arts: Frederick d'Erlanger's scores for "Cinderella" and "The Hundred Kisses" were outstanding delights of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the thirties, while his violin concerto first interpreted by Kreisler, his opera, *Tess*, and his "Requiem Mass" place him in quite another category.

For his brother Rodolphe, love of music and art went side by side. Soon, banking was abandoned; he studied painting in Paris. His paintings recall the brilliant, almost voluptuous ease and verve of John Singer Sargent's sketches. There is nothing amateur about them. Some, which I first saw fifteen years ago, and once only, have remained in my mind as the perfect evocation of the Tunisian scene; sun-slashed alleys, groups of Arabs massed together under the banners of the faithful; an early, pearly morning over the ragged peaks of the Rassass Djebel.

* * *

Now another family arabesque was formed. The twenty-six-year-old Rodolphe went to paint in Rome, and there met and married the beautiful Elizabetta, "Bettina," daughter of a New England mother and a Roman nobleman, one of the four permanent Chamberlains to Pope Leo XIII.

Oddly, Nejma Ezzohra itself may be said to have derived from a whim of the Baroness Bettina. In spite of their love for Tunis, the d'Erlangers had not envisaged living there. But once, the Baron Rodolphe, feeling tired, remained resting at the hotel while his wife joined a party of friends picnicking at Sidi-bou-Saïd. Suddenly, beyond the periphery of Thermos bottles and hard-boiled eggs, she saw a small notice: HOUSE FOR SALE. It was a four-roomed affair with three trees and no concessions to comfort. But the site was incomparably lovely.

She bought it there and then, with her pin-money, left instructions that it was to be put in some sort of order, and soon after, returned to Europe without having disclosed to her husband one word of that decisive day. Next winter she led him in triumph to their own house. They had come home. Here, for the most part of the next twenty years they lived their marvellous life of creation and achievement.

It was perhaps through music that the Baron Rodolphe came closest to the East he craved. By his monumental, six-volume treatise on Arabic music, its history, mathematic constructions, significance, and the infinite nuances of its scale (which he rendered in Western terms) he became known throughout the Arab world as "*un grand, un très grand érudit et arabisant,*" as he was described to me by the late Professor Louis Massignon, himself greatest of *arabisants.*

The Baron died at Nejma Ezzohra where he is buried in the garden he loved, overlooking the white houses and mosque of Sidi-bou-Saïd. A simple tombstone, bearing a verse, in Arabic, marks his grave.

It is given to few to realize a dream. To live it, and bequeath it to others who still love and live that dream, is still more rare. The Oriental reverie, the love of a land, and a way of life, which took shape as Nejma Ezzohra is that rarity.

VOGUE

The Exceptional Christmas Present

GIVE BEAUTIFULLY

GIVE LAVISHLY

GIVE VOGUE

Use the convenient order card attached.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The tiger in the tank

There are, we must say, a few attitudes we find quite crushing—not because their truth is hard to bear, but rather because we think it is, in fact, insupportable. For instance, the attitude that perfume is primarily a present . . . that it's something for which women must wait patiently, as their grandmothers awaited an invitation to the next waltz. Nonsense. Perfume is for wearing, and while it does make a charming present, it is to the running of a wardrobe what gasoline is to an automobile—when the supply's run out, you don't wait about for the next gift-wrapped gallon. For this reason, consciously pre-Christmas and safely pre-holiday, we cite the news of a few great scents—not merely as presents, not just for the patient, but rather for the woman who will do the wearing, all year, the following:

More of the most

One of the most spectacularly successful scents launched in the United States in the past few years or so, or maybe ever, is Calèche by Hermès, a rule-breaker if ever we saw one. What it has is something complex and unique: somehow men adore it on women—unfailingly. Ready now in a metred-spray atomizer in a size so perfectly huge and delectable that you might mistake its generosity for a splashy eau de toilette: the perfume itself, in full and jubilant feather, in a one-ounce quantity. Its mock-tortoise container is a handsome thing—no extra charge for looking splendid on a dressing table. . . . For purse-life: a plain bottle, ¼ ounce. . . .



Scent washed in

Which scent? You know it. It's Cabochard by Grès. Technically it's in the green-scent family, if you care for technicalities. Either way, there's a new way Cabochard's feminine greenery is getting about—namely, in bars of soap. When first we whiffed the soap, it smelled—we must confess—disappointingly like soap to us. The surprise came when the soap met warm water. Instantly released by this contact was the true Cabochard esprit in a scent wave so resolute that we find Cabochard clinging, to this moment, to every bath sponge and face cloth the soap touched. Now that there's soap, eau de toilette in an atomizer, a bath powder to spread its name, the Cabochard perfume image is wrapped up completely.



Sneaky scent

Some perfumes are immensely unmissable. So much so that their wearers are conscious of them every minute, as in the case of a hat too huge to be ignored or a (not that we're complaining) jewel that threatens to dislocate a finger. And then, some aren't. Some are geared so sensitively to the olfactory responses that only the comments of a person new to the room remind the wearer that she is, indeed, wearing something irresistible. Among the well-mannered latter group is Guerlain's Chant d'Arômes, the lustre of which grows hourly as woman after woman makes the discovery of its glories, and as each is *reminded* of this fact by the pleasure it plainly gives others. To nail down the pleasant impression this perfume makes, Guerlain has added the works: an eau de toilette (last spring); a bath oil (hooray, this autumn) and a talcum and bath powder (this autumn, too). Guerlain has achieved something in Chant d'Arômes; for the woman who hasn't yet found her scent, this should be a top consideration.



Carryable first

Not that we're perfume historians, but we seem to remember that it was Arpège's carry-ability—a delightful little $5 purse vial—that first made Arpège a national habit in the United States, and in fact made perfuming itself begin to be a more-daily custom. Now there's this news, if you will please draw up your chairs. For the first time, Arpège is ready in perfume form in what is called a natural spray—a spray that shoots out a fine mist of real perfume without benefit of aerosol. (If you think you've heard that song before, you haven't, actually; some eighteen months ago, the eau de Lanvin was atomized this way, but the natural-spray perfume is a much more recent accomplishment.) Now then, back to carry-ability: the new natural-spray Arpège perfume comes in the small glass vial you see here. In the package with it is a little perfume funnel—packed along to say that all you have to do, when the purse-size vial is empty, is pour in some more Arpège from the big bottle at home. The spray will go right on spraying as directed. . . . Price is something we don't generally talk, but since we raised the point earlier, this 1964 sequel to the earlier success is also $5 plus tax.



The size of the bottle

Most women find it hard to guess the ounces in a bottle simply by glancing at the liquid therein; we ourselves—no exception. One might think, therefore, that the larger the look of the bottle, the happier women would be to sweep it away. . . . Not the case. There's a definite place for the small bottle. Indeed, advise several wise perfumers we know:



with the small bottle, *generously used*, all new perfume adventures ought begin. For women who have not yet joined the Madame Rochas band, correct exploration of that iris-y scent might begin with a slender new quarter-ounce bottle that stands less than three inches high. That just could be the start of something big.

For the non-Spartan shower

She "has no time to waste on luxuriousness, but skims through the spray with the speed of a Democratic politician skimming through a Republican editorial." So said Ogden Nash on the Spartan propensities of showerers. For perpendicular bathers, there just haven't been as many delicacies concocted as for horizontal soaks. Which is why we cheer the entry of Chanel into the field of shower enrichment. With special post-shower appeal, Chanel No. 5 After-Bath Oil Spray delivers a sheer, aerosol mist . . . as anti-Spartan as ancient Athenians.



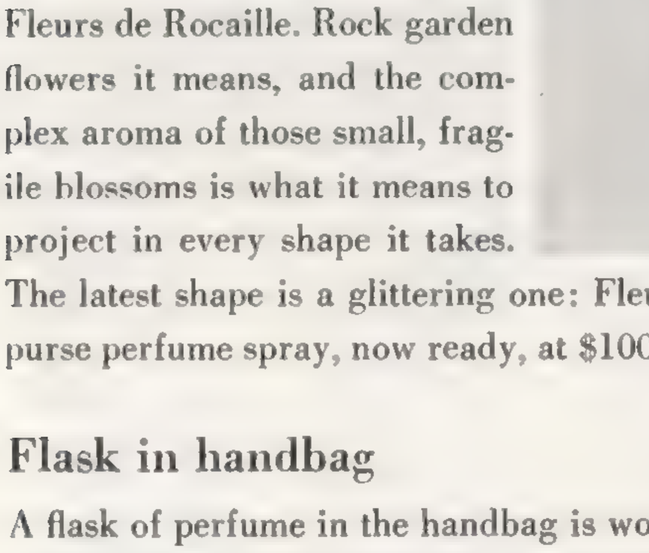
Echoes in the garden

Echoing a scent right down the line is one of the more interesting things happening in the perfume business. A loved perfume whose message is fortified by the likes of lotion, eau de toilette, spray, bath oil, dusting powder, even face powder, is the most *complete* scent of them all. Such a well-documented one is Caron's Fleurs de Rocaille. Rock garden flowers it means, and the complex aroma of those small, fragile blossoms is what it means to project in every shape it takes. The latest shape is a glittering one: Fleurs de Rocaille's derringer purse perfume spray, now ready, at $100 a derringer, in solid gold.



Flask in handbag

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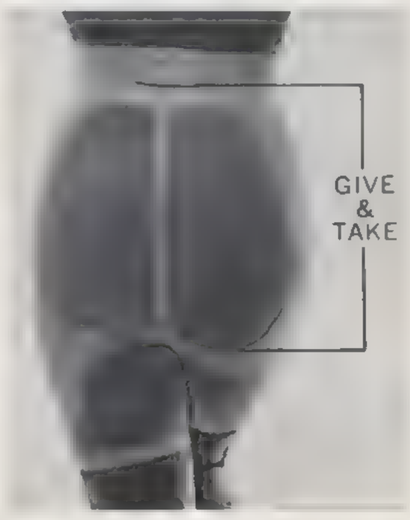


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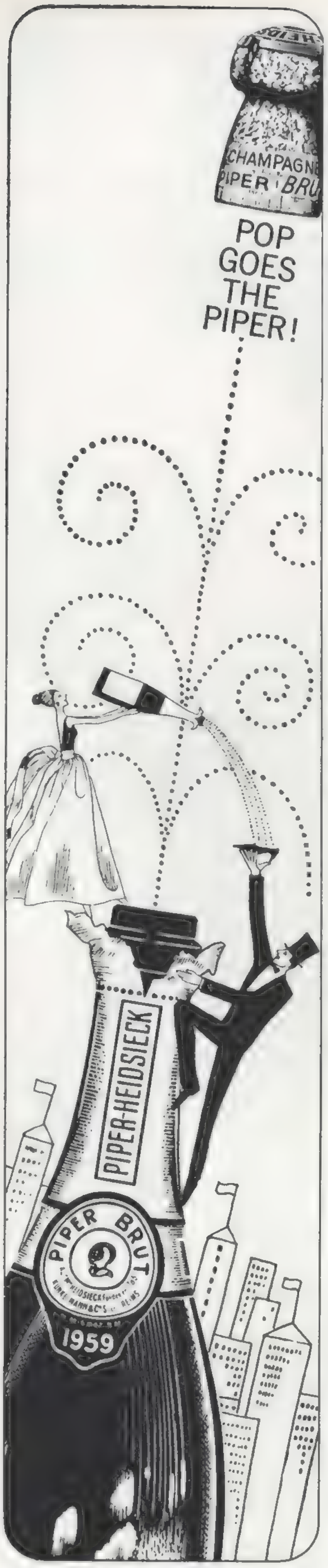
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FLASH: THE ARCTIC

(Continued from page 137)



In the Arctic, John Cowan, whose photographs are on pages 127-141, and Vogue fashion editor, Mrs. Mary Kruming.

You get tiny valleys, maybe twenty or thirty feet across. Deep snow lay on the lower part of them, and the crown of the shale was bare where the snow had thawed. This gave a terrific impression of stripes, all great big horizontal stripes—like a bad kind of carpet weave, stripy black and white.

Every possible kind of weather we could get, we got within an hour—rain, sleet, snow, brilliant sunshine, and then fog and a whiteout, when the ice and snow (what there was of the snow on the sea) merged with the sky. You couldn't get any sense of direction or any sense at all. Every so often when it cleared, you could see the horizon; they told us we could see forty miles. (Normal horizon is only fifteen.)

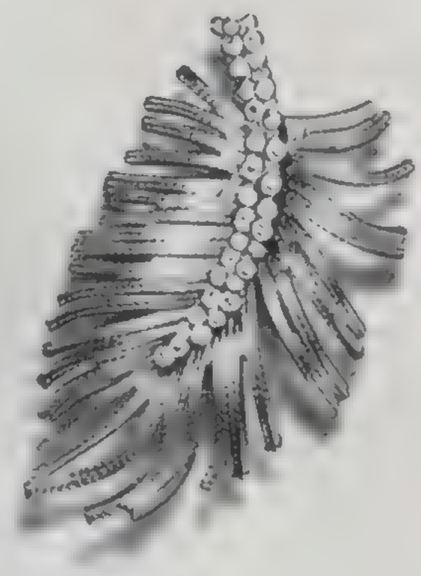
Plenty of people die there, and even in wandering around, you can see how easy it is to die. I know. One night after a party I wandered off across the hill, near where we lived, without a parka, without boots or gloves or coat or anything. I walked about a mile, and eventually ended up waist-deep in snow, and it felt nice and warm, and I thought how nice it would be to go to sleep, and from way back somewhere (sort of semi-conscious) something told me that when you suffer from exposure that's the first thing that happens—like drowning, you want to go to sleep. I turned around and walked back, and when I got back the Mountie was just about to come out and find me, because he thought that's what had happened. You get the impression, definitely, that you could die very easily.

There is total silence. It is a difficult thing to live with—that incredible quiet. The slightest noise travels in an extraordinary way. You don't have to shout to somebody one hundred yards away. You can just talk. The air is crisp and clear, and you can hear the huskies barking from miles away. The one thing you realize, stuck up there for a long time, is that lack of noise would drive you mad. Sometimes you hear the wind. When the sea is going, you hear the ice floes knocking against each other, like stones. All of us were impressed by the timelessness. The cold was really demoralizing, it was so bad. Three of us had fur boots, but once they got filled with snow and your feet got wet, it got into your bones. And for the girls, just wearing these thin clothes, it was fantastically hard work. Within ten minutes all of our eyes were running, the girls got bloodshot eyes; and Antonia had a touch of snow blindness at one point.

No place for women at any point, and it was no place for anyone who was a bit weedy. It is essentially a strong man's country. It would be perfect for advertising of the worst kind. As far as food goes, we ate at mess with the Canadians; the food was incredibly good. We found out that they had pinched the chef from the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal—that was one of the ways they got men up there, offering fabulous food and fabulous quarters. In fact, the mess was a series of buildings, all connected by passageways, which were super centrally heated, all extremely comfortable. The men had their own colour cinema, and you could buy just about everything, except too much alcohol.

We did all our travelling around the island in a snow vehicle called a Bombardier Snowmobile, made in Canada. It looked like a rather underprivileged Deux Chevaux Citroën. It's got eight wheels at the back,

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FLASH: THE ARCTIC

(Continued from page 210)

with tracks running round them, and it steers at the front. A heater inside, benches down the side, rather like a van. It can go anywhere—over or through water, snow, ice.

As for marine life, one of the most extraordinary things happened when we were finishing. The thaw was setting in when the helicopter pilot got a radio message that there were whales off the island. We flew out and saw incredible whales in sixes and tens just cavorting; they were twenty- or thirty-feet long with huge great swords off their noses, like brooms. When we left the island, finally, to fly back to civilization, we saw from the aircraft what must have been as many as two hundred white whales. Yes, white whales.

Way off to the horizon, all the roads are marked in oil drums. There are roads, but they're tracks, just shale. A bulldozer goes through first and makes a straight line, and the vehicles just follow it; alongside these, they put thousands of oil drums. About every twenty feet there is another oil drum with a scarlet top on it, a monument to civilization. When we had an infinity view for the photographs, there right bang in the middle was an oil drum. It's like working in Africa. Even in the middle of the desert, you find an Arab. Well, up in the Arctic it's an oil drum.

The Eskimos: they looked a little like Japanese. Their speech was rather clipped and they were all wearing parkas of their own design. They all wore American or Canadian sunglasses, or American and Canadian shooting hats. Many of them were wearing ordinary Wellington boots. They have marvellous prefabricated huts, given to them by the Canadian government. On the roof they dried polar bear skins.

Flowers: lots of lichen and moss and little miniature trees about two or three inches high with yellow and red flowers. In places we found musk ox; a musk ox looks like a bison, but it's got hair about two feet long all matted and horrid; they prowl around in threes and fours—mother, father, and a couple of calves. And they are protected. You're not allowed to go anywhere near them, but we had a look at them from the helicopter.

Flying by compass was completely useless; the pilots can only navigate by stars when they can see the sky, and the nasty thing about that is that every time we flew anywhere in the area, the aircraft carried provisions and sleeping bags—enough to last twenty-one days. When they took off, they never expected to get back the same night because of rapid fogs and white-outs.

Everybody went up there expecting it to be sheer privation and misery. We ended up with a fairly civilized, well-heated house but we still all had to sleep in sleeping bags on beds and mattresses because there weren't any sheets or pillows. The sleeping bags were extremely comfortable and warm except mine when the feathers broke. We all had a lovely hot bath, and the next morning there wasn't any water left in the containers. So no coffee. We had to send for water which took four hours. Although the house was modern, with a washing machine, we had only two spoons and one fork. The water was drinkable, and came in a separate container, but I didn't like it and drank either neat Black & White whisky or Chablis.

The Canadians on the island, in trying to preserve some sense of living decently, obviously shaved at a set time in the morning and went to bed at a set time at night; we got caught up in it and I shaved as well.

Because we arrived at five o'clock in the morning, we slept until about six o'clock that night. Most of us were dead exhausted. The day started when Mary Kruming said, "John, the sun's shining." The first problem we had was that both the Hasselblad cameras froze. We presume they froze as the shutters wouldn't work. Then we found that the film was bending and cracking because of the

(Continued on page 212)

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FLASH: THE ARCTIC

(Continued from page 211)

cold. Roughly, apart from one time when we really had a blast of fabulous sunshine (we had waited five or six days for it), we worked normal working hours, governed by the canteen food. We had to have dinner between four-thirty and six o'clock and, although we usually overran to about eight, we were governed by that one meal; psychologically, once we had eaten dinner it was evening; after that we drank a little or just went to bed, or we read.

It was obvious that Jill and Antonia and Mary were the first women of any glamour who had ever come into the place. The men's huts were covered from top to bottom (in some cases all over the roof and right down to the skirting boards) with pin-up pictures. The only white woman allowed to live on the island was the schoolteacher's wife, nobody else. She was there purely for morale and discipline, to deal with the Eskimo mothers and children.

The Mountie with us did just about every job possible. He kept the local cooperative store, which supplied ammunition, food, and everything else. He was the customs officer for aircraft coming in from Thule, Greenland. He was the revenue officer. He had to take license money for furs and everything else. He was the local law enforcement officer. And, finally, he served as the doctor. The nearest medical doctor was at Hall Beach, about three flight hours away . . . if you could get an airplane, and if there wasn't a fog. If anything went wrong with you up there, you were either attended to by the big tough Mountie, or you just died.

He was an extraordinary character. I gathered from people on the island that, because of the security classification of the area, he was most carefully picked. One of the most surprising men I have ever met, he really deserved the title, Man.



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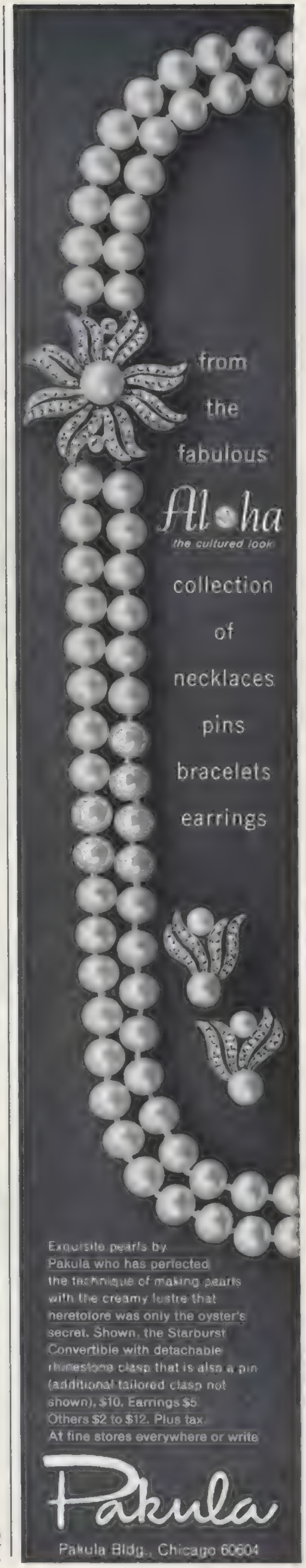
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THE PHENOMENON OF "LES PARAPLUIES DE CHERBOURG"—BY VIRGINIA COWLES

(Continued from page 185)

pressionist painting. The blues, mauves, and blacks came straight from Renoir; the pinks and greens from Matisse. Even the vegetables and fish on the kitchen table were arranged with the eye of a master. Yet it was not at all like walking through a picture gallery.

The music that carried the dialogue (sung, of course) was melancholy and disturbing, almost Oriental in its monotones. It led us swiftly into the plot which began by being sentimental and veered disconcertingly into cynicism. We saw Madame Emery, the attractive middle-class widow who runs the umbrella shop, frowning on the romance of her seventeen-year-old daughter, Geneviève, with Guy, the handsome garage mechanic. One day Guy receives his call-up papers for the Algerian war. Geneviève is agonized to learn that he will be going away for at least two years. On the eve of his departure she goes to his bedroom and spends the night with him.

Geneviève becomes pregnant, and Guy's long silence (we learn later that he was wounded) makes her fear that she has been abandoned. Finally, in order to provide her child with a father she marries someone else. The story ends happily, not because the two young lovers are reunited but because they manage to forget the first fine careless rapture and find contentment with the partners life has picked for them. It would be difficult to think of an ending more practical or more French. but it makes the story truly tantalizing, for are we Anglo-Saxons right in linking happiness so firmly with passion?

* * *

It was not until we left the theatre that we began to marvel at the technique of the film. Unlike any other musical play, the action does not pause for song. Instead the song, or musical theme, travels with the action and travels continuously. Although there are five main themes which recur frequently, the words and movements synchronize perfectly with the notes (one note to each syllable) whenever they are played. What precision and control it must have required; what a labour it must have been!

I rang up the film distributors, spoke to the press department, and began to ask questions. "I'm afraid I can't answer that. You'll have to ask the producer." "Where will I find him?" "It's not a him. It's a her."

An hour later my daughter and I were sitting in the office of Madame Mag Bodard. A female producer is a rarity, and I had never met one before. I do not know what I expected, but certainly not the youthful, delicately-boned woman with the beautiful, amused eyes. When I mentioned the word "problem" she laughed out loud. "There were so many of them I don't know where to begin. Money was the worst. Always the worry about money."

Madame Bodard told us that she was comparatively new at the game of film producing. She had begun her career as a journalist on the Paris newspaper *France-Soir*. She had spent four years covering the French war in Indo-China (which the world knows today as Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia), returning to France in 1956. She tried her hand at television but found it too frustrating and in 1960 launched her own film company.

"On a shoestring," Madame Bodard said.

She had made only one film previously, and it had not been a financial success. "But it was necessary in order to discover what *not* to do. *Les Parapluies* sprang into existence," she continued, "when Jacques Demy rang me up two years ago and said he was tired of the kitchen-sink trend, and wanted to make a film of ravishing beauty—a mixture of poetry, colour, and music. Jacques is a fantastic young man, an artist through and through. He made a reputation for himself while he was still in his twenties with the film, *Lola*.

"He always knows exactly what he wants which is a great relief. He told me that his friend Michel Legrand (even younger than himself) would write the music for him and Cherbourg would provide the *mise-en-scène*, for harbours are nostalgic and suggest the siren's song. All that was left for me was to say yes. And of course I did."

Demy and Legrand began work long before Madame Bodard had raised the necessary financing. Jacques wrote the script and gave it to Michel who then composed the music to fit the words. But sometimes they did not fit, sometimes the music took charge of the words. Then Jacques had to rewrite or Michel had to try again. They found it impossible to work apart, for as well as marrying script and score they had to design every step and movement that the actors would make. When at last the libretto was done, they engaged singers to record it on tape.

Next came the task of filling the parts. As the film was to be dubbed, Jacques did not have to take voice into consideration. He chosen an Italian actor, Nino Castelnuovo, to play the unlucky hero; German-born Ellen Farner to play "the other girl"; Anne Vernon, the widow; Marc Michel, the successful suitor; and last, truly last, the exquisite Catherine Deneuve to play the leading lady. "I always marvel," said Madame Bodard, "on how wrong I can be. I was completely against Catherine Deneuve. I had seen her in a film and did not like her. Every time Jacques mentioned her name I said 'No, no, no.' Finally he persuaded me. Thank goodness. Look how marvellous she is."

Meanwhile Madame Bodard was scouring Paris for money. She raised it piecemeal, putting everything of her own into the project and going as far afield as Germany to complete the target of $300,000. It was scarcely an extravagant sum. "With such a tight budget," she explained, "we had to plan to the last detail. The actors had to know their parts perfectly before the shooting began. That was one of the lessons my first film taught me.

"In Cherbourg the cast and technicians used a museum as headquarters and delighted the locals by spilling into the cafés every morning. Jacques Demy, of course, knew the town well after spending weeks there selecting the streets and interiors where we wished to work. The people were unbelievably helpful. They let us paint their shops and houses chartreuse and shocking pink. And the shopkeepers even dispensed with their normal stocks and put special colours in the window. Night after night we worked until the small hours. With the music blaring over the loudspeakers no one could sleep but they did not seem to mind. They simply gave up the idea of going to bed and came out and watched.

"We completed the film in the record time of nine weeks. We won the Louis Delluc Award before the film was shown to the public, but then I had a terrible shock. Would you believe it, I couldn't get anyone in Paris to show the film! All the cinema managers told me they were booked up solid for weeks! I was frantic for I feared if too much time elapsed between winning the prize and appearing, people would lose interest. So I got the names of all the films scheduled to be shown and went to each producer until I found one with a soft heart who said he would give way to us!"

* * *

When the film was shown in Paris the first-night audience wept, and the next morning the notices were ecstatic. The *Paris-Presse* said that Cherbourg was better than heaven and the year 1964 would be remembered for *Les Parapluies*. These were extravagant words but I can not quarrel with the more tempered reviews which pronounced the film bewitching. Neither, apparently, could the judges at the Cannes Film Festival who gave it the Grand Prix.

No doubt one of the reasons why *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* has delighted Frenchmen is because it is French to the last millimetre of celluloid. But I do not believe that this is why it has made such a deep impact on the world of artistry. France is a country of poetry, line, colour, and precision, but also a coun-

(Continued on page 217)

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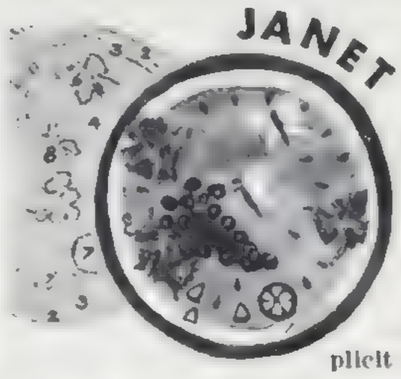
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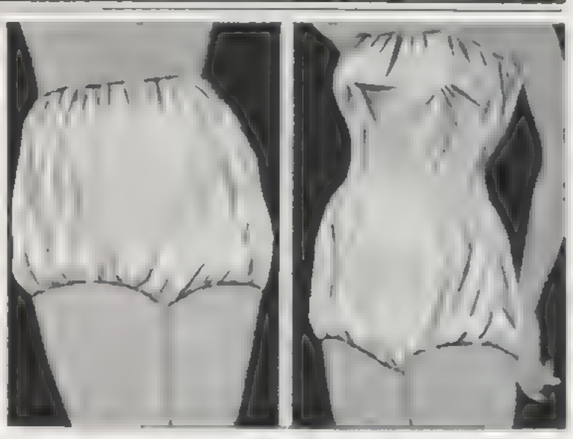
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THE PHENOMENON OF "LES PARAPLUIES DE CHERBOURG"—BY FRANÇOIS-RÉGIS BASTIDE

(Continued from page 185)

velvet and if you meet him one day dressed like other men, it's because he is disguised as a lawyer or that he is going to a funeral or that he is dead. He has all the time in the world. His life is already long because he knew how to start it at the best age: when he was five years old.

When he was five, Jacques Demy used to go to the theatre every week with his parents. A good honest provincial theatre, where all the light operas were given—*Ciboulette, Les Noces de Jeannette, Madame Butterfly*. And the little boy stuffed himself with voices, gorged himself with songs, rolled in the red and gold of the theatre.

One night he pretended to get lost, to lose his parents. He had noticed that once the red curtain had fallen, another curtain of iron fell to separate the public from the sacred place. He sneaked between the spectactors and the cloakroom. He took the stage door. He found himself alone on the other side of the iron curtain, on the stage where the dust was still illuminated, and he stayed there to dream for a second. After that, he just had to go on. Later, when he was older, he made all the theatre pieces over again at home; he constructed décors, he gave performances for himself. How did he pass from the theatre to the cinema? By re-inventing it.

He had a movie projector for Chaplin movies. One could do better. One could, for instance take the films, give them a bath and, in the melted gelatine of Chaplin, draw new movies in coloured ink. It was wartime. Many bombs fell. Thus, this small Jacques invented newsreel movies even worse—the town was burning, the town trembled under his inkpen, the town fell. Then, one had to reconstruct the town. Thus, the boy took all his books, all his records, sold everything and bought his first camera. Twenty thousand francs. That was a lot. He was fifteen years old.

His town was Nantes. It had inspired Aragon, Soupault, and later on Mandiargues and, the first of them all, André Breton, who wrote in *Nadja:* "With Paris, Nantes is perhaps the only town in France where I have the feeling that something worthwhile is going to happen to me . . . where a spirit of adventure beyond all adventures still lives inside certain beings. . . ."

Jacques Demy surely knew these lines. They are like his characters who search for the absolute, who only love passionately. In his films, one loves, then one crosses a sea, then one comes back. But never with loud shouts. You could say that the light operas of the Théâtre de Nantes protected Demy against the bad slopes of melodrama and the spells of Wagner.

In *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* there is one touching character: Aunt Elise. In French, Aunt Elise signifies tenderness, mulberry jam, lilac satin, resignation, modesty. With Demy, it's the modesty that wins. His Aunt Elise moves us but doesn't stop us from smiling even when she dies.

When you leave the Cherbourg of Demy you can never again ask a gasoline man to "fill it up" without looking at him with a funny expression as if he were going to start to sing.

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THE PHENOMENON OF "LES PARAPLUIES DE CHERBOURG"—BY FRANÇOIS NOURISSIER

(Continued from page 185)

Les Parapluies de Cherbourg is the utmost in daring, the real cry, the guaranteed paradox: a film composed of "good" feelings, a melodrama which disarms by force of innocence.

The first minutes of *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* was a strange adventure in a Parisian cinema during the spring of '64. The public was breathless. What! —mechanics who *sing*, a travelling salesman who *sings*, an honest Norman merchant who *sings?* One had never seen that before! Yes, at the Opéra. But still. . . . First of all, at the Opéra they don't sing all the time. They explain what it's all about. And then there are songs, songs one remembers, that one hums. And also, the Opéra, it's old, it's noble. it's in costume. But here. . . . These boys in overalls, their hands covered with grease, these "bikes," the "Fill it up, please."

I do not speak of more than the beginning of the film, because the die is cast during the first five minutes. The miracle of *Parapluies* is that the spectators did not laugh. They accepted everything, in one block—the sung dialogue (not quite sung, by the way, rather modulated like recitatives), the two-penny plot, the invented colours.

They were caught in this trap between the utmost of everyday life, of reality, of sordiness, and a spell of pure reverie. Thus, all abashed, each spectator allowed himself to be carried away. Besides, one would need a heart of stone to resist Catherine Deneuve. . . . Later on, statistics will tell how many serious and sceptical human beings of 1964 cried over the parting of Geneviève and Guy—here I will give my opinion which is of course all intuitive and empirical—ninety-five persons out of one hundred had, as I did, a lump in the throat at the famous bistro scene.

Demy's master-thrust is that he did not show a sickeningly trite daily universe to the spectators, but he *sang* it to them. What I mean is that out of this drabness, out of this poverty, he has extracted true beauty. Demy has presented the public with this marvellous song of a movie. The public sings its own life in *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*.

One feels that, in Demy's movie, one is at the same time in Cherbourg and in a fairy tale, in the darkest of melodrama and in the sweetest of song. . . . Since *À Nous la Liberté* and *Le Million* by René Clair—that is to say in thirty years—the French cinema has never been so inventive.

The faces seem artless and fixed by the discipline of the song, but without being enlarged and grinning as they would have been if the actors had actually been singing. This is the explanation of the half dreamy feeling while the most down-to-earth realities are told. This solution, half-way between two shortcomings, this is the style of Demy. And, our frame of reference lost somewhere between *Pelléas* and *West Side Story*, we succumb to the charm.

THE PHENOMENON OF "LES PARAPLUIES DE CHERBOURG"—BY VIRGINIA COWLES

(Continued from page 215)

try where the head rules the heart. Its search for beauty has always been controlled by stern intellectual discipline and *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* satisfies its most exacting demands. Despite the originality of the film, and the feast it offers to the senses, every detail had been pondered over, every motion contrived. Even the colours were selected to express different moods.

I do not think the new form it uses will have a revolutionary effect on the presentation of opera—which Jacques Demy claims has stood still since Verdi—because opera demands themes and voices too bold for continuous movement. But I have no doubt that the film is a landmark in the use of colour and composition. For my part, I will never see rain with the same eyes again.

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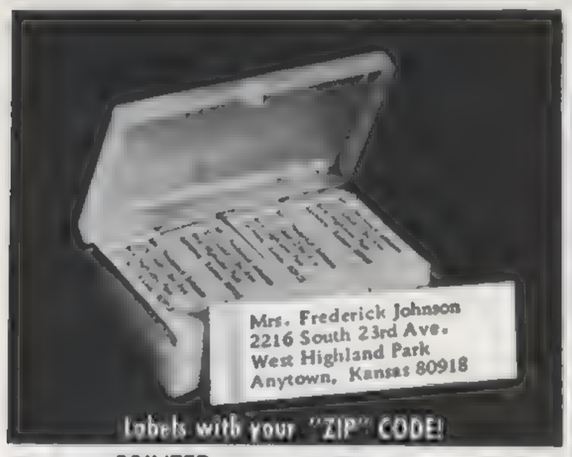


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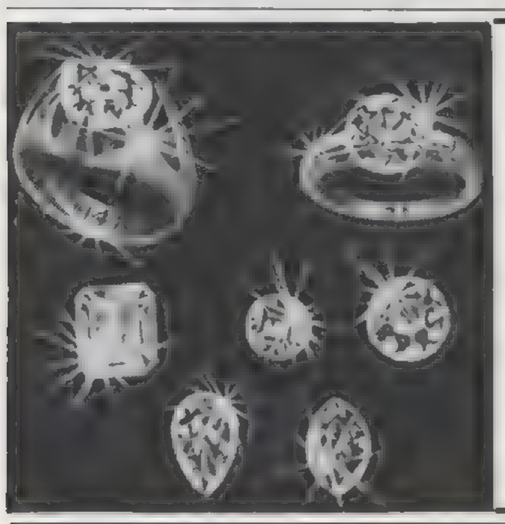


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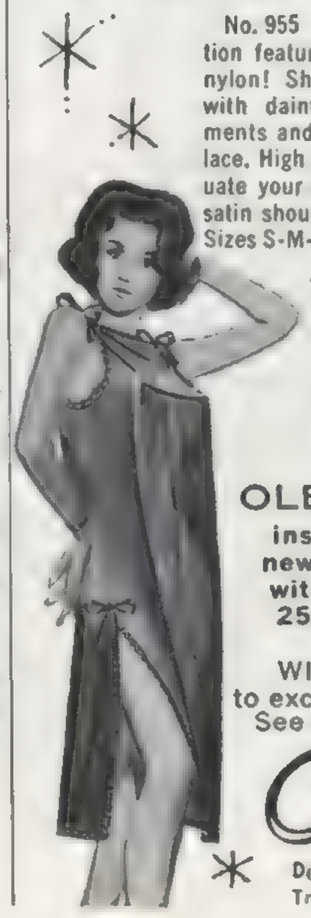
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"MY FAIR LADY"

(Continued from page 155)

distinction—his theories about phonetics consume, among other things, his whole preface to the play—but also as a vehicle to satirize, in the play itself, a famed phoneticist of the day whom he regarded as a charlatan. It is worthy of note that when, in the final scene of the play, Eliza taunts Higgins by saying, "I'll offer myself as assistant to Professor Nepean," Higgins is driven to such fury that for the first time in the play he actually lays hands on her:

> "What! That imposter! That humbug! That toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! My discoveries! You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck. Do you hear?"

"Wring away," replies Eliza.

Shaw found, as he put it, his play "so intensely and deliberately didactic, and its subject is esteemed so dry, that I delight in throwing it at the heads of the wiseacres who repeat the parrot cry that art should never be didactic. It goes to prove my contention that art should never be anything else."

Even after *My Fair Lady* opened, James Thurber hailed the fact that "the most popular entertainment in Broadway history should be based on a Shaw comedy described by him as as 'didactic art' and dealing with a 'dry as dust' subject, namely, the phonetic dedication of a middle-aged cerebretonic ectomorph to a young female laboratory specimen."

In the Shaw play, of course, as also in the Gilbert one, boy does not, in the end, get girl. In fact, in the final scene in Mrs. Higgins' drawing room, as Eliza and Mrs. Higgins start to go to church, Eliza asks, "Is the Professor coming?" "Certainly not," says Mrs. Higgins. "He can't behave himself in church. He makes remarks out loud all the time on the clergyman's pronunciation." "Then," says Eliza, "I shall not see you again, Professor. Goodbye." She goes to the door but as the Professor says goodbye to his mother, he says:

> "Oh, by the way, Eliza, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of reindeer gloves, number eights, and a tie to match that new suit of mine. . . . You can choose the colour. (*His cheerful, careless, vigorous voice shows that he is incorrigible.*)
>
> LIZA (*disdainfully*): Buy them yourself. (*She sweeps out.*)
>
> MRS. HIGGINS: I'm afraid you've spoiled that girl, Henry. But never mind, dear. I'll buy you the tie and gloves.
>
> HIGGINS (*sunnily*): Oh, don't bother. She'll buy em all right enough. Goodbye. *(They kiss. Mrs. Higgins runs out. Higgins, left alone, rattles his cash in his pocket; chuckles; and disports himself in a highly self-satisfied manner.)*"

Shaw characteristically adds a sequel which begins in true Shavian fashion:

> "The rest of the story need not be shewn in action, and indeed, would hardly need telling if our imaginations were not so enfeebled by their lazy dependence on the ready-mades and reach-me-downs of the ragshop in which Romance keeps its stock of 'happy endings' to misfit all stories."

This sequel, which recounts Eliza's marriage to Freddy, her opening of a flower shop, courtesy of Pickering, and her gradually increasing dependence on Professor Higgins, is far from convincing. In any case, from the very beginning, Lerner would have none of it. "The story is, you know," he says, "that every night when Shaw was not in the theatre, Mrs. Patrick Campbell would, after Higgins' laugh, come back in the door for those three little words, 'What size glove'—which, of course, changes the ending completely. Without it, it seems to me most unsatisfactory. In my opinion what should have happened to Higgins and did not was due to Shaw's strange touch of never allowing a man and woman to complete a relationship.

"We did not," Lerner continues. "try to give the play a 'happy ending.' We wanted to complete the character of Higgins, trying to show, from hints in lines Shaw gives Higgins in the last act, a man going through the process of becoming aware, emotionally, that a vital woman is gone, and then actually and consciously searching for her. Shaw himself, you know, officially sanctioned a 'happy ending' for the 1938 movie version.

"We tried never to use music to embroider upon what Shaw had done, but rather to illustrate the emotions that were not talked about. In most plays, dialogue is much as lyrics are to music; the words of the dialogue are the indication of the music that is going on underneath, and every actor should know every chord underneath when he projects those words. What we tried to do in the play was to take the emotions that were implied, the emotions that were insinuated, and in a wry and humorous manner, pull them out and expose them for everyone to see and enjoy.

"For example, in the 'Rain in Spain' number we try to capture the tension in the challenge to Eliza and the excitement in mentor and pupil after her mastery of her lessons. In our second act, Higgins has a song of rage that she is gone, 'Why Can't a Woman Be More Like a Man?' It is more than just a moment of tripping over the sofa, as it is in the fifth act of *Pygmalion*. He chews up the scenery about it, in a high peak of fury. The first act of *My Fair Lady*—words and music—is devoted to the transformation of Eliza, while the second act completes the transformation of Higgins. The end of the play, I hope, satisfies the desire of seeing them together, but without indicating that anything must or will happen. Music can do that because music can put you in a mood to accept it as inevitable, conveying a carefully balanced shade of emotion."

Getting the Pygmalion story to Broadway was a story in itself. The way Lerner and Loewe worked, at the beginning, was to write several what they called "experiment" songs—only one of which incidentally, "Just You Wait, 'Enry 'Iggins," was to be used finally—and armed with these, and their producer Herman Levin (who learned, by a phone call, that he was not going to be producing *Li'l Abner*) they were ready for their first casting. A call from Richard Halliday, informed them Mary Martin was interested, so Miss Martin, along with Halliday and Mainbocher, whom she also brought to the audition, were actually the first to hear what was then called *My Fair Liza*. The result was disastrous. "We feel," Halliday told Lerner, as gently as possible, "you boys have lost your talent."

For Lerner, the news was crushing. He saw Miss Martin at Christmastime, and not until late spring could he work at all—and when he did it came, even for him, agonizingly slowly. The lyrics for "Wouldn't It Be Loverly," for example, took seven weeks. And only the next fall, after the theatre was booked and the first rehearsal date picked, was he able to write the book. "But," he says quietly, "we were very fortunate in finding Rex Harrison, a man who had never before done a musical, yet who is the most intensely musical male I have ever run across. It was his vocal limitations that led us into a single-speaking way of writing music for him, and it was also an innovation in the presentation of a leading character in a musical. The songs for Julie, who is a marvellous singer, of course, were much easier to write. The major problem was to find the fine line for Higgins where he would be revealing much but saying little."

When the show finally went to New Haven, there was still the problem of, among other things, the title. Lerner, Loewe, and Hart could not agree between *Liza, Lady Liza, My Lady Liza, Come to the Ball, Fanfaroon* (Loewe's favourite because he felt it sounded like *Brigadoon*) and *My Fair Lady*. Finally, at the last possible moment, when they had to have a title for the marquee, Hart suggested a vote. "But let us pick," he adjured them, "not the one that we like the best but the one

(Continued on page 221)

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"MY FAIR LADY"

(Continued from page 219)

that we dislike the least." *My Fair Lady* won all three votes.

When it came to the actual opening, on a cold, snowy Saturday evening, of March 15, 1956, the by-now ancient and honourable Pygmalion myth still had one more trick up her venerable sleeve. Harrison, who had that very afternoon sung for the first time in his life with a full orchestra, refused to go on. "There was nothing to do," says Lerner, "but tell the manager to give back the tickets. But the manager refused. Then, at six o'clock, we all had a short talk with Rex's agent. The agent promised Rex would go on. I remember at seven o'clock I was still re-writing. I had completely cut out the second scene—the 'With a Little Bit of Luck' scene introducing Doolittle. Thank God, at literally the last moment, I put it back. It was our first show stopper."

But, contrary to popular belief, the "insiders" were by no means certain they had even a hit. "We all felt," recalls Lerner, "the last half of the first act was in trouble. Particularly the 'Street Where You Live' scene. It just lay there—it didn't go over at all, and everybody told me to take it out."

Night after night, Lerner watched the scene. Then, after his fourth vigil, he spotted the trouble. "The audience didn't realize, with all those toppers around, that it was Freddy—the man Eliza had met at Ascot—who was singing it to her. So, I rewrote Freddy's introduction:

'When she mentioned how
her aunt bit off the spoon,/
She completely done me
in./And my heart went on
a journey to the moon,/
When she told about her father and the gin./And I
never saw a more enchanting farce/Than the moment
when she shouted/Move
your bloomin'. . . .'

"How about that?" Lerner today exclaims. "One verse! Then they *knew* who was singing. It was not only a show stopper—it saved the whole last part of the first act."

The New York opening was an opening like nothing ever seen in the theatre before or since—and the applause was said to have drowned out the lines in the neighbouring theatres. For six years *My Fair Lady* ran and ran—the longest-running musical in history—to Canada, England, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Iceland, Germany, Scandinavia, Australia, South Africa, South America, Japan, and Russia. Only France has escaped it. "The French," says Lerner briefly, "don't like musicals." In this country a road company crisscrossed back and forth so many times that people lost count. As for the record sale, there have been, so far, no less than thirty-two million records sold from the cast albums alone—and as many more from thirty other albums.

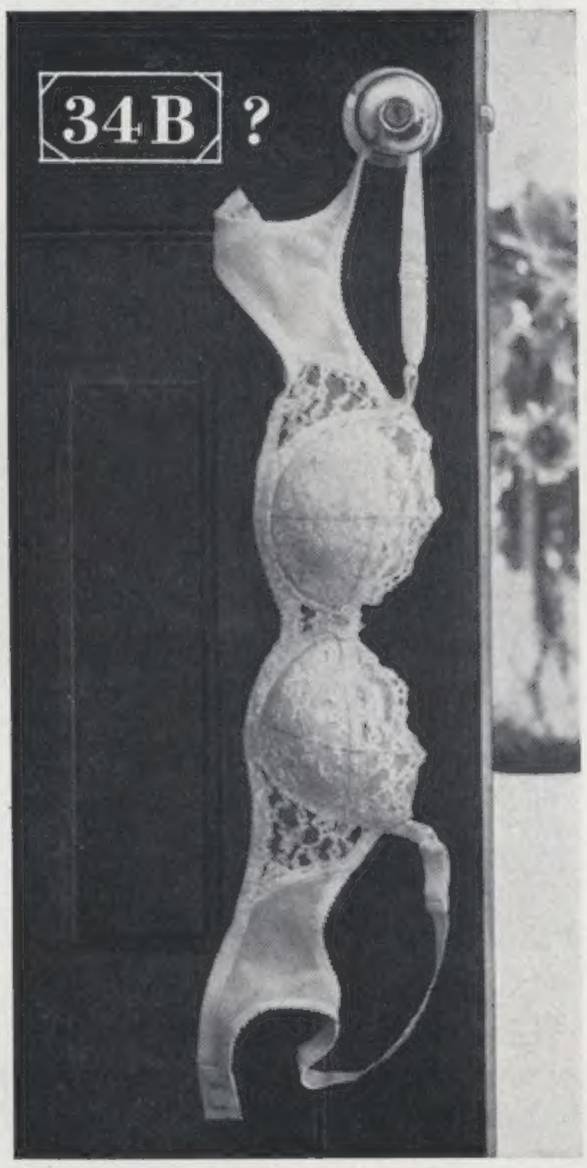
Finally, on September 29 two years ago, the curtain came down, and the closing night was, they say, as dramatic as the opening. With Michael Allinson, who had succeeded Michael Evans, who had succeeded Brian Aherne, who had succeeded Edward Mulhare, who had succeeded Harrison, and with Margot Moser, who had succeeded Diane Todd, who had succeeded Anne Rogers, who had succeeded Pamela Charles, who had succeeded Sally Ann Howes, who had succeeded Julie Andrews, once more—but for the last time—the audience applauded every song, only this time the applause broke out with the very first line.

This fall, at long last, has come the final test for the Pygmalion story—the movie. Lerner recalls the first time anyone broached the subject to him—it was in the first year of *Fair Lady*, and he was asked to lunch by the Hill of the Hollywood producing team of Hecht, Hill, and Lancaster. Midway in the lunch, Mr. Hill got down to cases. "What," he asked, "are we going to do about that second act?" Lerner got up. "What," he asked, "are we going to do about the second half of this lunch?"

Much later, when C.B.S., which had put up all the money for the theatre production, had acquired the movie rights to the show, producer Jack Warner entered the picture—in all senses

(Continued on page 222)

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(Continued from page 221)

of the word. Warner's first choice for Professor Higgins was Cary Grant. Lerner, who by this time had been signed to do the screen play, was against Grant. "He's wonderful," Lerner said, "but he's a cockney." "Well," said Warner, "we'll dub him." "Through the *whole* picture?" asked Lerner.

Fortunately, Grant himself balked. "There is only one man who should play this," he said, "and that's Rex. Any other actor would be a fool to try it." Meanwhile, however, Lerner found out that Warner had called Rock Hudson. Lerner called Warner. "Why?" he asked. "Well," said Warner apologetically, "he's not cockney."

On the Eliza side of the fence, Lerner says that happy as he is with Audrey Hepburn, his first choice was Julie Andrews—and his second, interestingly enough, was Elizabeth Taylor. Miss Taylor, however, was otherwise occupied.

Above all Lerner felt that the movie should *be* a movie. "Please, fellows," he told the Hollywoodians at their first meeting. "This is not the Bible. This is an entertainment. It has to be a *good* movie. People are not going to come out of gratitude that you have reproduced the play. Even if you did reproduce the play it wouldn't look as if you had reproduced it. It's another medium."

George Cukor, the director, wholeheartedly agrees. "My job," he said, "was not to reproduce it but to translate it to the screen. I had to translate it without violating it and pulling it apart at the seams—and yet, at the same time, not photograph it."

Cukor obviously had one thing going in his favour—and that was confidence. "I was on a plane with Jack Warner," he recalls, "and suddenly he said 'Would you like to do *Fair Lady?*' I didn't hesitate a second. 'Yes,' I said, 'and I commend you for your selection.' Actually, this is a thing you feel. I knew I could do it, and I knew I could do it uniquely well."

Cukor does not, however, have the same confidence in actors. "The first time I talked to Audrey," he says, "she called me overseas from Switzerland and told me she was working on her cockney. She tried it out on the phone for me. 'Ao-ow-ow,' she said. I told her it sounded okay to me. But the fact is, actors always worry about the wrong thing. I think actors make a mistake with all this theory and thinking and talking everything out. The bubble is out of the champagne. And the mysterious thing that rises out of talent when the camera starts going just goes with this everlasting analysis and talking out. I respect actors' instincts, but I'm not sure I respect their opinions."

Cukor's own opinion of *My Fair Lady* is highly respectful. "I hate to say it," he says, "but I love it. Everybody was marvellous. Audrey is marvellous. And Rex is marvellous. Really, only once in a lifetime do you have a chance to get on film a performance like his. Just think if we could have had some of the great performances of the past on film. From Joseph Jefferson to William Hodge—that whole era of great acting. Barrymore's *Hamlet* even. We don't have that, but we do have Rex. And don't give me all the credit. I have no vanity and I used everything. I had Alan's script, Moss's stage directions, our master cameraman Harry Stradling—and don't forget Shaw's own stage directions. Why Rex walked around the set with a Penguin edition of Shaw in his hand!"

It was all so marvellous that it seems sad to record that in only one direction did Cukor's direction apparently run into difficulty. With Cecil Beaton, there was, from the beginning, apparently what Irving Lazar, their mutual agent, has called "a clash of temperament." Beaton, for his part, has written an entire book about their quarrel—but then, the Pygmalion story wouldn't be the Pygmalion story if it couldn't have, particularly in Hollywood, just a little argument over a completely happy ending.



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